November 1971/America's First Welfare Billionaire; Hollywood's New Directors
Getting It Together--Gay; Iran Celebrates Tyranny; The Vietnam Marketplace/75c

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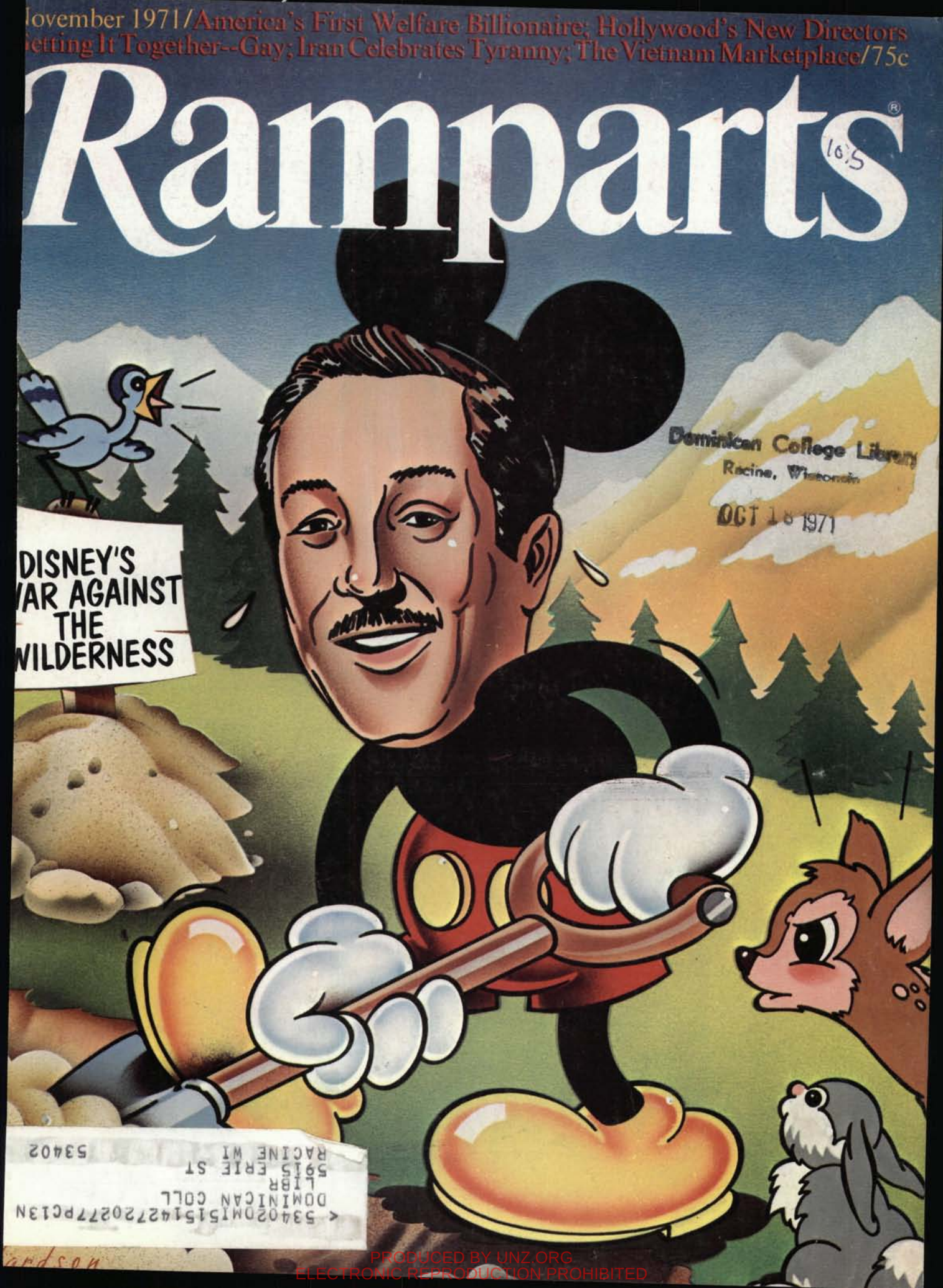

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CHRISTMAS IN CHILE

Ramparts' Tours present:
CHILE December 11-27

Don't have your mail forwarded to the Santiago Sheraton, we won't be staying there. But don't bring your sleeping bag either. Our accomodations fall somewhere in between.

The aim of this trip is to take a sunny winter vacation with Ramparts' people, and in the process, to get an educated view of Chile, one of the most exciting political experiments in this hemisphere. Ours will not be merely a processional hitting the conventional tourist high-points, although the sightseeing/swimming and laying around aspects will not be neglected. The important addition will be the visits with worker and student groups, tours of nationalized industries and mines, and chats with government officials—activities never included in commercial tours nor possible for individual tourists to arrange. If special interest groups wish to join this tour, Ramparts will arrange meetings with your Chilean counterparts.

Here is a sample of the itinerary:

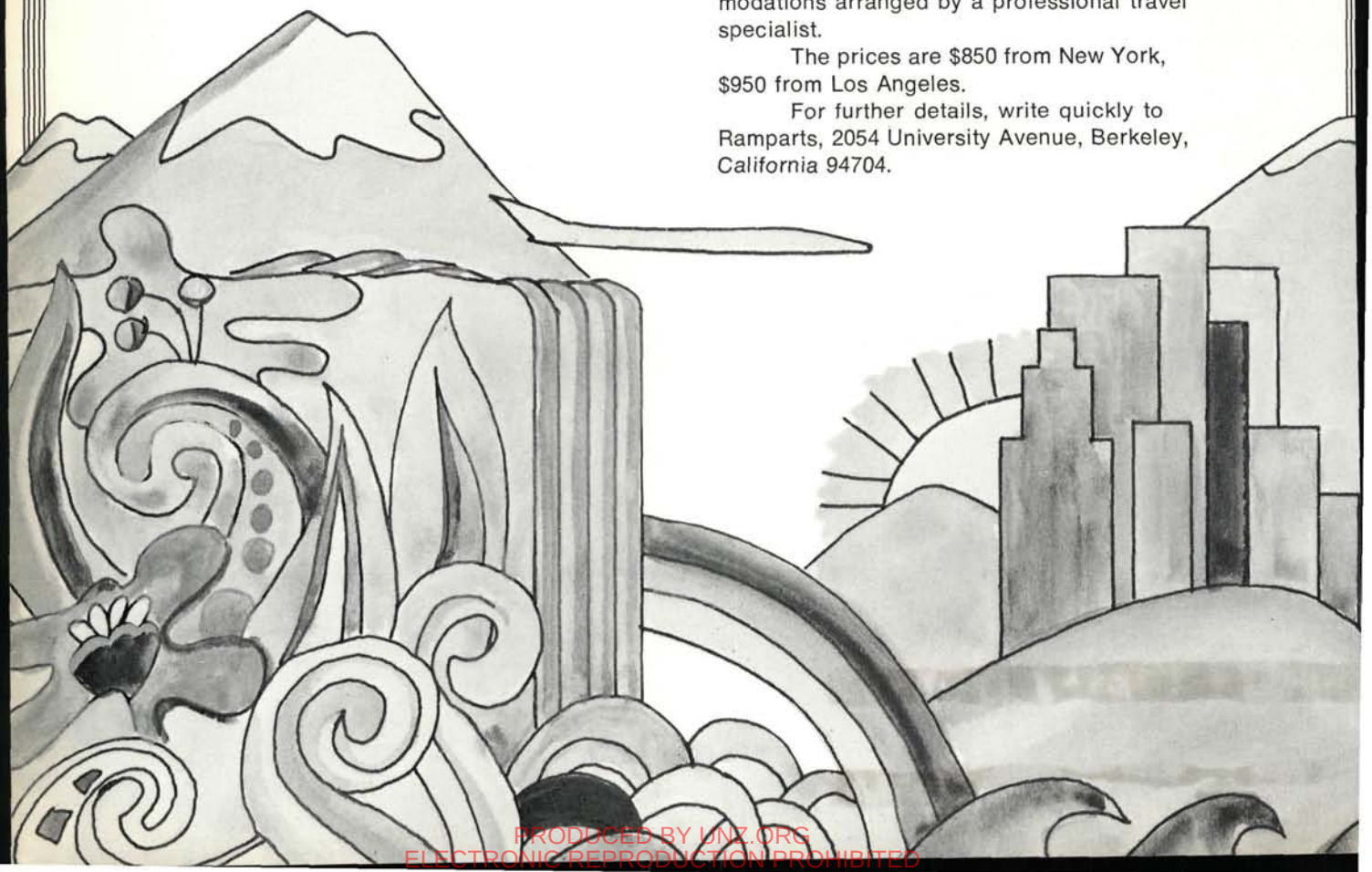
Santiago & Valparaiso (7-10 days). Cosmopolitan Santiago offers varied sights, mountain scenery, cultural events, galleries, museums and fine food, and a number of side trips opportunities. We will spend the weekend at Vina del Mar, an ocean resort (it will be summer in Chile) and Valparaiso, the historical port city with surfing, fishing and spectacular scenery. In Santiago, we have arranged get-togethers with government officials and tours of public facilities, including recently nationalized industries and a copper mine.

Lake District (3 days). Puerto Montt, reached by air from Santiago, is undefiled beauty: ranging volcanoes, clear lakes, fishing and seafood. This is the heart of the agricultural district and we will hear about the land reform program now underway.

Christmas-in-Chile is the maiden voyage for Ramparts' Tours. To follow will be trips to most anywhere our readers want to go, including, very soon we hope, a tour of People's China. Offered only to Ramparts' readers, these trips are planned and conducted by Ramparts' editors, with accomodations arranged by a professional travel specialist.

The prices are $850 from New York, $950 from Los Angeles.

For further details, write quickly to Ramparts, 2054 University Avenue, Berkeley, California 94704.



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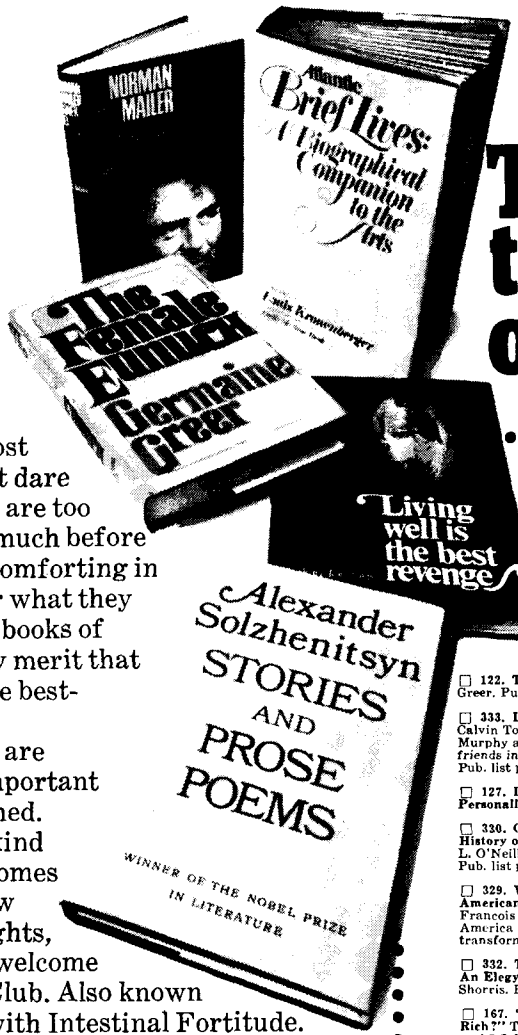
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Atlantic Brief Lives: A Biographical Companion to the Arts
The Female Eunuch
Germaine Greer
Living well is the best revenge
Alexander Solzhenitsyn
STORIES AND PROSE POEMS
WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE IN LITERATURE

There are books most book clubs wouldn't dare to offer. Books that are too controversial. Too much before their time. Too discomforting in what they attack or what they propose. There are books of exceptional literary merit that may never make the best-seller list.

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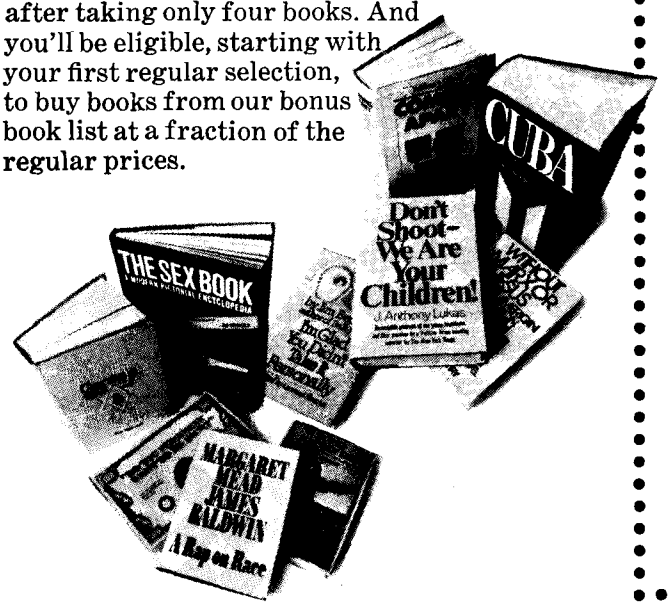

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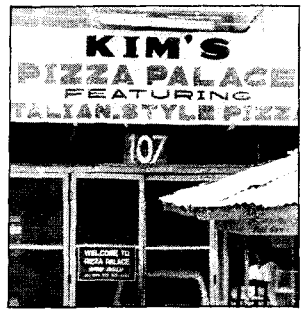

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McGovern's Quiet Progress

McGovern? A great guy!

Would obviously be a great President — if only we could appoint him!

First U. S. Senator to speak out against our military intervention in Vietnam, way back in 1963.

Outstanding critic of the defense budget.

Lonely crusader against hunger in America.

Chief architect of delegate selection reform in the Democratic Party.

Consistently liberal but a big vote-getter in his conservative native state of South Dakota.

But the Democratic presidential nomination. Forget it. He doesn't have a chance. Starts from too far behind. And too nice a guy. Not fiery enough.

And so on and so on. Right?

This was pretty much the reaction when Senator McGovern shattered political precedent last January by becoming a declared candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination a whole year ahead of time.

"They tell us that George McGovern cannot become President because he is too decent," wrote newspaper columnist Pete Hamill.

The Nation agreed: "His decency as a human being is a distinct liability."

But as The New Republic said during McGovern's hearings on hunger, "It is awfully hard to stop men like McGovern. They have iron in them . . . Don't underestimate him."

And since he declared his candidacy, he has campaigned tirelessly and progressed steadily.

Now, people are beginning to rub their eyes in astonishment and say, "By golly, maybe he *does* have a chance!"

First of all, he has received nearly $500,000 from supporters, mostly in small contributions of $1 to $100. That's not nearly enough to carry him through all the primaries, of course. But it's a remarkable outpouring of sentiment so early in the game.

He's won the support of people with a lot of savvy and high standards, such as John Kenneth Galbraith, Gloria Steinem, George Wald, Hans Morgenthau, William Sloan Coffin, Arthur Schlesinger, Henry Steele Commager, Frank Manckiewicz, Shirley MacLaine, Blair Clark.

In New Hampshire, he has the support of half the people who were Democratic Delegates in 1968 and three-fourths of the people who were McCarthy Delegates.

In New York, he has been endorsed by the Democratic Party Leader of Queens, Matthew Troy; the Borough President of the Bronx, Robert Abrams; and recent Democratic candidate for the U. S. Senate, Richard Ottinger.

In Nebraska, former Governor Frank Morrison will serve as Chairman of Nebraska Citizens for McGovern.

"CROWDS HAIL McGOVERN IN WISCONSIN," read a headline in The New York Times on March 8. The news story which followed reported that "he drew about 4,500 persons to a speech on the University of Wisconsin campus, and the audience, noted for its intolerance of politicians, gave him a standing ovation at the end. Later, Friday, he drew another overflow crowd at a Madison hotel reception despite a driving snowstorm."

In Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin reported on July 29 that "The 1972 Pennsylvania Presidential primary is still nine months away, but Delaware County Democrats are reportedly already lining up support for South Dakota Senator George S. McGovern. Several local Democrats recently stated that support for McGovern has increased in the past few months.

"Every Democrat who has expressed an interest about becoming a candidate for delegate to the national convention is supporting McGovern," one leader said.

Students for McGovern chapters have spring up on more than 350 college campuses.

Tom Wicker of The New York Times told political writer Jack Newfield, according to Newfield's account in The Village Voice on August 12, "George is being under estimated. I think he is probably not getting the (newspaper) space he deserves. He is quite strong in the farm belt. He has real organizations going in some of those states. I think McGovern is going to win a primary, and then some folks are going to have egg on their face."

Maybe it's too soon to call all this a groundswell.

But it's not too soon to say that McGovern is a serious contender for the presidential nomination.

And it's not too soon for you to make up your mind to help him get it.

The primary campaigns in New Hampshire and Florida begin in barely 90 days. After that comes Wisconsin.

The stronger the showing McGovern makes in these first primaries, the stronger he will become in terms of support, financial backing, and news coverage.

Thanks to the reforms drafted by the McGovern Commission, at least 63% of the delegates to the 1972 Democratic Convention will be directly elected by the people in at least 23 state primaries.

This means that, for the first time, the candidate who successfully takes his case to the people can be assured of winning the nomination, whether the "power brokers" like it or not.

And you can play a part in helping Senator McGovern take his case to the people, by making a contribution to his campaign now.

The Pentagon papers have widened the credibility gap between the Administration and the country into a canyon. American people are hungering for a man they can trust — a man who sees the truth and tells the truth.

We think George McGovern is such a man. And we urge you to join with us in helping him win the Democratic presidential nomination, by mailing the coupon with your heartfelt contribution.

McGovern is getting there. Here's your chance to help.

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☐ **I support Senator McGovern in his efforts to lead our country along the path of peace, reconciliation and rededication. Enclosed is my contribution of $_____**

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☐ **Please enroll me in the McGovern for President Club made up of supporters pledged to contribute $10 or more a month until the convention, and keep me closely informed on the progress of the campaign.**

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Ethnic Weapons

"Ethnic weapons would employ differences in human genetic configuration to make genocide a particularly attractive form of war."

IN 1969, NIXON DRAMATICALLY banned all future use of chemical and biological warfare by the United States, but defense trade papers continue to publish articles enticing defense contractors to develop new CBW methods. A recent DMS Market Intelligence Report, a defense industry trade sheet, says that "despite public announcements to the contrary, the military agencies are not discounting chemical and biological warfare research. . . . Though ostensibly on the way 'out' of the military weapon arsenal, a CBR [chemical, biological, and radiological warfare] is merely being conducted in a different environment, and, whenever possible, with less public attention."

The U.S. Army denies any further interest in chemical or biological warfare. Yet it is proceeding with plans to build the Western Medical Institute of Research, a new $28 million research facility in the San Francisco Presidio for investigation into Asian diseases, particularly those of Southeast Asia. While the Army insists that its disease research will be solely for treatment purposes, it gives as the prototype of the Institute's design the medical biological research laboratory at Fort Detrick, for years the center of CBW research. Institute plans call for large building spaces to be equipped with biological seals, sterilizers, air locks, ultraviolet barriers, and other devices for closing off building areas to permeability by biological agents. Some residents of the San Francisco Bay Area are already fearful about how the new institute would weather an earthquake, constructed as it is in a high earthquake probability zone. They wonder whether the population of San Francisco, and indeed of the entire West, might not be poisoned by the escaping contaminants if an earthquake did occur.

A bizarre new CBW scheme outlined in the Army journal *Military Review* would employ genetic research to develop ethnic-specific poisons. In an article entitled "Ethnic Weapons," Carl Larson, a Swedish geneticist, discusses the potentialities of "forthcoming chemical agents with selective manstopping power [which] will put into the hands of an assailant a weapon with which he cannot be attacked."

Ethnic weapons would employ differences in human genetic configuration to make genocide a particularly attractive form of war. Larson, head of the department of Human Genetics at the Institute of Genetics, University of Lund, in Sweden explores his idea in detail. As he explains, within the human body enzymes are essential to life because they catalyze crucial biochemical reactions. Disfunction of a particular enzyme can inhibit a vital body function and cause death. The structure of an enzyme is determined by genes and, because of genetic differences, there are certain enzymatic distinctions between ethnic groups; certain populations have enzyme deficiencies which render poisonous to them drugs, and even foods, which are healthful to other peoples. For example, milk is a poison to many Southeast Asians; certain African groups also react to milk with diarrhea, vomiting, and sometimes death. This intolerance to milk sugar stems from a deficiency in the production of one enzyme due, in turn, to the frequency of a gene which in Europeans occurs only as a rare, recessive trait. And the number of slight ethnic genetic differences is endless.

BASED ON OUR KNOWLEDGE of ethnic differences in enzyme levels, the United States could artificially develop agents which would break down enzyme functions among the particular ethnic group under attack. Larson argues this possibility: "Chains of vital processes in the human body, concerned with energy provision and material replacement can be broken at will. . . . An aggressor . . . can recruit from a population largely tolerant against an incapacitating agent to which the target population is susceptible. An innate immunity would offer concealment of preparations and obvious advantages in many tactical situations. When the proper chemical agent is used against intermingled friendly and enemy units, casualties may occur in proportions one to ten. . . . The functions of life lie bare to attack." Ethnic genetic distinctions are relative, not absolute, and some of the aggressor's forces might also be killed, but the odds are overwhelmingly in his favor.

Universities have been conducting research on human genetic differences for years, although Larson's article is perhaps the first to suggest that the research be used to develop weapons. Another of his more inventive schemes is to use BZ, an unpredictable psychochemical similar to LSD, to quell resistance among civilian populations. "Friendly troops could use psychochemicals to dampen belligerence. They effectively slow down physical and mental activity, make the poisoned personnel giddy, disoriented, and more or less unable or unwilling to carry out commands. Friendly forces would discriminately use incapacitants in entangled situations to give friend and foe a short period of enforced rest to sort them out. By gentle persuasion, aided by psychochemicals, civilians in enemy cities could be reeducated. The adversary would use incapacitants to spare those whom he could use for slaves."

The editor of the *Military Review* says he knew nothing about ethnic warfare before receiving Larson's article. Other Army officials also deny any familiarity with the concept. Scientists, who think ethnic warfare would be technically feasible, say they have seen no mention of it. —F.L.

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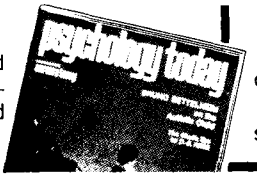

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Expendable Americans

BELEN, NEW MEXICO. Population 4823. Interstate truckers and traveling salesmen have seen it thousands of times throughout the country. Billboards at Belen's outskirts advertise local beer and banks, car dealers and insurance agents, the Circle T Drive-In, and the Credit Bureau of Belen, whose sign preaches "Better Living Through Good Credit." At the south edge of town is Belen's most noteworthy structure—a faded red, white and blue billboard, dominated by the Statue of Liberty, imploring Beleners to "Save Our Republic: Impeach Earl Warren For His 92% Pro-Communist Voting Record."

The Greater Belen Chamber of Commerce has compiled two pages of descriptive statistics free for the asking: 350 days of sunshine yearly, 14 churches, 5 "first-class" motels, 2 "radio-equipped" police cars, 1 movie theater, and a major town employer, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad yard, which provides 400 jobs. The "Hub City," 32 miles south of Albuquerque, almost directly in the geographic center of New Mexico, has the requisite tranquility of a *Look* magazin All-American city, with the exception of one detail—its young men have been getting killed in Vietnam at a rate between six and seven times the national average.

All but one of Belen's seven war dead are Chicanos, age 20 or younger, most holding the rank of private. And by and large, Belen cares little about its war fatalities, doesn't define their deaths as a community loss, plans them no memorial, and doesn't contemplate seeking a moratorium from the government on combat service for its draft-age citizens. In a town this size, where everyone knows everyone else, and where there are few secrets, most townspeople are hard-pressed to recall more than one of the war victims' names.

Belen's Vietnam war experience illustrates numerous facts and features of small-town, rural living in America; its nonchalant acceptance of a high casualty rate among its Chicano population underscores how easily expendable Mexican-American lives have always been in the Southwest. Furthermore, Belen's willingness to silently consent to high levels of combat wounded and killed is a numbing hint of what will surely happen if the Administration successfully shifts to an all-volunteer military by mid-1973. High pay will "entice the lower classes," as one New Mexico military recruiter put it, and the armed forces will be increasingly composed of poor, black, and brown young men systematically excluded from colleges and non-military, less hazardous jobs. As members of minority groups without significant power in a racist society, they will become the cannon fodder of future rich-men's wars fought without the political liabilities of a drafted army. Belen, so willing to sacrifice its young Chicanos, will become the rule, not the exception.

A COMPARISON WITH LARGER New Mexico cities shows how disproportionately high is Belen's casualty rate of one killed for each 700 town residents. Alamagordo has 23,000 people and four war dead. By Belen's standard, the Alamagordo toll should be closer to 35. Los Alamos, the "Atomic City," has 11,000, and three war dead. Hobbs, with 26,000 people, six times Belen's population, has an equal number of war dead. If the entire nation had as many war fatalities per capita as Belen, New Mexico, the U.S. death toll would be about 350,000—almost seven times the actual figure, which is already unacceptably high to most Americans.

In searching for circumstances and institutions within Belen that channeled so many young men into the military, it quickly became clear that enlistment, and even the draft, provided a welcome relief for local teenagers, slightly more than half of whom are Chicanos. There are no new jobs in Belen, and its major employer, the Santa Fe Railroad, handles a declining level of freight in competition with airlines and interstate trucking. As a member of the Belen High School staff put it, "You take someone who has been running around in his bare feet all his life, and someone comes up to you and paints you a nice picture. You know—get away from your family, the environment, the poverty. They tell you about the PX, say they'll take care of you, give you a uniform, and give you a rifle—man, that sounds pretty good."

Many Beleners voiced cruelly negative feelings towards some of the Chicanos who had died in Vietnam. One individual collectively called them "bums." Another hinted at the influence of drugs in three of the deaths which were not caused by hostile action, and directly said that "one of them was a dope addict."

One prominent Belener, who asked to remain anonymous, said that one of the Chicanos' mothers was a prostitute, making no direct connection between that allegation and her son's death in Vietnam. Townspeople were generally ready to discuss and praise John Wilson, an Anglo who was killed, and were equally ready to carp at or slander the town's Chicano war dead. Others indicated their lack of concern by refusing to discuss the situation at all. Corrine Padilla, clerk of the local draft board, would answer no questions, including how many of the Army fatalities were draftees. Mayor Neal Alexander managed to be totally preoccupied in this town of 4800, avoiding all phone calls and office visits, and failing to acknowledge or answer a letter posing questions about the town's reactions to its Vietnam casualties.

JUST WHO ARE THEY, these unrecognized, disdained youths who were killed in Vietnam? First to die was Michael Lovato, age 20, who had been wounded twice before his fatal injury and had also contracted malaria. He was killed in February, 1968 by a fragmentation grenade near Quang Tri at the start of the Tet Offensive, and was engaged to be married upon his return. In June 1968, Luperto Garcia, also age 20, was killed in an explosion. He had been in Vietnam only four months, arriving almost simultaneously with Michael Lovato's death. In November 1968, 20-year-old Hilario Moreno, who had graduated with Luperto Garcia from Belen High in 1967, was killed by a sniper as he sat and rested during a patrol break.

Three more Beleners were killed in 1969, with both John Wilson and Ed-

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die Martinez dying in February. Wilson, a captain and the only officer fatality from Belen, was serving his third tour as an advisor when a grenade destroyed a new Vulcan machinegun which he was operating. Martinez, age 20, an Army private, was murdered in his barracks on February 10, by an unknown assailant.

Mrs. Elizabeth Martinez, Eddie's mother, asked for an investigation into her son's murder, but no one was ever charged. "It was all hush-hush," one of her friends, a Chicana, said. "They didn't tell her a thing. He was just another Chicano—who cares?"

In June 1969, Eddie Garcia, at 19 the youngest Belener to die in Vietnam, was killed by an accidental gunshot. The most recent town fatality occurred in November 1970, when 20-year-old Sgt. Mark Tafoya died in his sleep of unknown causes only twelve days before scheduled to come home.

More young men from the town have returned alive, but maimed. One young man has a plate in his head, another lost an eye, a third suffered a crippled leg, a fourth lost the use of one arm. Some of them recently went back to Belen High, and together talked to their friends, showed them their wounds, telling them "the truth" —the part of the story omitted by the recruiters, according to a member of the Belen High staff. But the impromptu session had little effect, the Spanish-speaking teacher said, because "they're all waiting to be 17, to be old enough to go into the Army. There's nothing for our boys to do here."

Local newspaper publisher Carter Waid mentioned that the Marine Corps recruiter was "very active" in Belen. He is 25-year-old Staff Sgt. David L. Guardanapo, a 6-year veteran, with 19 months in Vietnam. His access to Belen's youth is total, facilitated by the high school and town officials, the local economic picture, and his own sharp and engaging personality, which makes him a more appealing counselor and a "friend-you-can-talk-to-anytime" than, for instance, High School Principal Leonard Kirby, who could not even recall how many of his students had died in the war.

Guardanapo, in his Albuquerque office, recalled, however, that the Belen townspeople initially did not trust him, because the Marine Corps recruiters for Belen prior to his appointment three years ago were insensitive to the people and their mores. He won their confidence, he said, "by showing drug films." Furthermore, he was younger than his predecessors, and had more "rapport with the kids." "I knew about sex," he affirmed. "I knew about drugs. I'd talk to them about anything they wanted. I didn't just go down there to recruit kids into the Marine Corps." Slowly, Guardanapo became unofficial youth counselor, job placement bureau, all-around father/confessor, legal advisor, and, seemingly as an afterthought, U.S. Marine Corps recruiter. He even runs a Monday DJ show on the local radio station.

Guardanapo also took credit for keeping local kids out of the reformatory by arranging with the town judge and probation officer to allow a boy in trouble to enlist in the Marines rather than go to reform school. Students in trouble for "truancy, for example—it depends on the crime," are told by Guardanapo that it's either the Marines or the Men's Reformatory at Springer. The recruiter laughingly said that he works at "the jail, the courthouse, the high school and the draft board."

Why did he think that so many of the Belen soldiers, however, became fatalities? He said that "the biggest reason—my personal opinion—is that the educational levels are a lot lower there [Belen High] than in a lot of places. They get worse jobs in the service." He said that your service job depends on a rating on an aptitude test, and that the Belen kids tend to get the worst jobs. He claimed that he does everything he can to get his enlistees into "aviation," a prestigious, high paying, low-hazard position, and mentioned that one of his recruitees now makes over $10,000 a year as an aircraft mechanic at the Albuquerque airport. But he has to tell many Belen High kids "that there's a rifle company in your future," made up of "grunts," the lowly Marine infantrymen.

When told that a woman staff member at the High School had accused him of enticing poor Chicanos into the military with "a lot of bull" about pay and benefits, Guardanapo bristled, saying, "I know her—she's a mouth," and that he had argued this issue with her before. He said that she was bitter because one of the town's war fatalities was a cousin of hers and "she had big plans for him." "I'll tell you what I told her. Which is worse?" he theorized. "To start robbing, end up in Springer [the reform school], or to go into the service and to be able to come out with something?"

He then related the incredible tale of a Belen woman whose son had been killed in Vietnam and who was glad that it had happened. The boy "had a premonition" that he wouldn't come home, and took out three insurance policies on his life. While grievously wounded and hospitalized ("he knew he wasn't going to make it") he wrote home to his mother ("she showed me the letter") and told her about the money that she would have coming. When he died, the family collected $60,000, "and it put them on easy street. Now she's financially able. There's 11 kids in the family, and she's putting one of them through UNM [University of New Mexico] right now. Which is worse . . . I know the loss of a son is a lot, but she's happy that this happened. She's not bitter at the service for taking her son."

—Jim Rowen

Sociologyorama

The liveliest moment of the American Sociological Association's annual convention in Denver this fall came when a group of young sociologists interrupted the president's address in the Denver Hilton's Grand Ballroom by marching in bearing an eight foot high plastic penis painted with red, white, and blue stripes and stars. They paraded around the room once, to the astonishment of their assembled colleagues, then left. After that event, the convention slipped back into stupefying monotony for its three remaining days despite the further efforts of the social science radicals.

The convention was an enormously grandiose affair. The ASA does little all year beyond prepare for the event. (Next year, it will be held in New Orleans, in 1974 in Montreal.) Hundreds of sociologists came to the mountains for the occasion; they paid

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the $10 registration fee, then spent four days circulating through the ballrooms and Silver and Colorado and Spruce and Birch Rooms of the Hilton. The ASA offered them 149 panels to attend, ranging from "The Changing Nature Of the Professional-Client Relation" to "Intergenerational Conflict." The theme of this year's convention was "Social Inequity," so a number of sessions explored group problems in the United States. There were sessions about women given by men; sessions about blacks by whites; a session on inequality in the public schools in which one panelist put forth the thesis that it is inconsequential what kind of school a child attends; if he goes to a good school, he may feel inferior, so anywhere will do as well.

Whatever their content, the sessions were almost uniformly soporific. As at any academic society's convention, friends attended one another's meetings, clapped politely, and asked a friendly question at the end of a paper's presentation. The papers read posed uninteresting, statically conceived questions which were, at best, so trivial as to be funny. Sometimes, though, they weren't. Often the framework in which they were written revealed the assumptions and interests of the social science community—the reasons that the young, radical social scientists bothered to come to the convention at all.

The ASA convention and its officials mirrored the triumph of practical social science. Morris Janowitz, the vice president of the ASA, has a long working relationship with the U.S. Army and with the Chicago Police Department. In 1968, at the Chicago Center for Continuing Education, he organized and chaired a conference of military personnel and civilians concerning the future of the U.S. military after Vietnam. He is known for his authorship of "The Social Control Of Escalated Riots," an article suggesting that police immediately and overwhelmingly flood riotous areas and conduct mass arrests to prevent violence. This paper led the Chicago Chief of Police to telephone Janowitz for advice during the uprisings following Martin Luther King's murder.

One convention session entitled "Impact of the Military on Society" was chaired by the director of the Bureau for Social Science Research, which is heavily dependent on government contracts. The session dealt with the military achievements of "low aptitude men," the "military socialization of university students," and the "impact of military service on post service adjustment of disadvantaged Vietnam era veterans."

RADICALS MOUNTED ATTACKS from the first day of the convention. They provided a counter convention with meetings on radical teaching and research; in one room of the Hilton, they ran free movies almost continuously—an interview with Allende by Debray, *La Hora de los Hornos,* a film shot by the Argentinian underground, and *Growing Up Female*. At a table in the lobby they sold radical newspapers and magazines.

On another level, they introduced resolutions at the ASA business meetings. They proposed that the ASA endorse the People's Peace Treaty; in another motion they proposed that the ASA call for the freeze on wages to be lifted, the freeze on prices continued, the institution of a freeze on profits, and an increase of public investment in schools, housing, education, etc. Both motions failed. They brought a resolution demanding an inquiry into the murder of George Jackson, publication of *Soledad Brother* in the ASA journal, and an ASA donation of $2500 to the Soledad Defense Committee. After furious debate, the motion was tabled. The caucus of black sociologists got through a resolution promising financial support to fight cases of sexism in sociology departments. Another resolution passed censuring the Simon Fraser University in British Columbia for violations of academic freedom. The business meetings were entirely farcical since passage of all resolutions are only recommendations to the ASA governing council.

* * *

THE ORGANIZED ATTEMPTS to expose professional social science ideology are part of a larger effort to change radically the direction of education in the United States. Those radical teachers who attend conventions of the ASA do so in order to recruit new faculty members to the movement. Most of them belong to the New University Conference, an organization created in 1968 by former SDS members who had been working in universities. Engaged in anti-war work, community organizing, the formation of women's groups, NUC hopes eventually to establish a relationship with the American Federation of Teachers and to include non-professionals among its members.

It is difficult to analyze this new academic movement. Professors involved in it say they see themselves not as professionals but as radicals who happen to be situated in universities. They argue that, through challenging the dominant ideology transmitted through the university, they can have an important educative effect on students, and through them on a large element of the population.

Most radical social scientists who have remained within the academic guild are not deceived into thinking that teaching with a radical perspective is meaningful alone. They understand the importance of communicating their work to comrades outside the university and many of them engage in work with movement groups.

WELCOME HOME

Businessmen, who once cheered on "our boys" in Vietnam, despise returned veterans. Take, for example, the New York State Chamber of Commerce which recently published a pamphlet, "Drug Abuse as a Business Problem," advising members not to hire vets. The pamphlet says, "With the spread of drug abuse in schools and among members of the armed forces in Vietnam, it would be unrealistic for business to assume it could recruit from these markets and not risk bringing abuse, narcotics addicts and pushers into companies, despite all sophisticated screening available."

—from *Forward*, a GI paper published in Germany

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Yet, there is something profoundly disheartening about this whole academic endeavor. It is, on the least critical level, utterly purposeless to attend conventions of professional associations (either the ASA, the Modern Language Association, or the others). In themselves, these organizations are moribund, pseudo groups, which confer some prestige on their membership but little power. Actions at ASA conventions do not erode the power of individual professors to do government or corporate work or to continue teaching ruling-class values to their students.

In a more serious sense, organizing attempts within the academy amount to paddling in a backwater. The professors in the U.S. have seldom been in the vanguard of social movements even within the university. Students, not professors, initiated the anti-war movement. Liberal professors fought the establishment of Black Studies programs and robbed them of any importance they might have had. Now it is the liberal academicians who comprise the most vicious backlash against new black and ethnic demands within the university, and the professors' denunciations of "black tyranny" have their ideological justification in Arthur Jensen's *Harvard Educational Review* articles asserting the intellectual inferiority of blacks.

The professionalistic, striving ethos of the university derives from its structure and function. It is almost impossible for professors to remain radical —those who are radical are usually fired. At the convention a faculty member from a working-class college pointed out that NUC had primarily addressed itself to questions preoccupying professors at elite schools—particularly questions of research. The irreducible contradiction of the sociology liberation movement lies in the composition of its membership. The most radical of social science professors are constrained by their class position and class interest. The movement must develop a stronger theoretical framework for an understanding of social change; but such understanding involves practice. University faculty will not in all likelihood be the ones to provide it.

—F.L.

Astronauts on the Make

FEW WERE SURPRISED when the Securities and Exchange Commission charged that the Governor of Texas, the Speaker of the Texas House and other state officials, in exchange for passing some banking bills, received uncollateralized loans to buy National Bankers Life stock.

Things got a little more interesting as the SEC continued to release depositions—about 14,000 pages worth, so far—mentioning the Pope, the Jesuit Fathers of Houston, the Bank of Sark, a Tidy Didy Diaper Service, Asst. U.S. Atty. Gen. Will Wilson, golf pro Doug Sanders and certain businessmen of Italian-American extraction. Then it came to light that the stock fraud scandal touched the reigning heroes of the Western Hemisphere—the astronauts.

National Bankers Life Insurance Co., a defendant in the SEC civil suit, provided gratis some $100,000 in life insurance to each of the Apollo 12 and 13 crew members. But only one astronaut, Capt. James Lovell, commander of Apollo 13, seems seriously implicated in the case. Lovell is the Joe Btfsplk of the space world. His crew came close to death and his mission had to be aborted after the Odyssey suffered an explosion on the way to the moon. Back on earth, the commander's luck was little better.

Through in-laws, Lovell came to know Frank Sharp, chairman of National Bankers Life Insurance Co., the kingpin in the alleged stock fraud. In 1969, Lovell and his wife accompanied Sharp on a junket to Rome where the Houston banker was practically canonized by the Pope for his alleged kindness to the Houston Jesuits. The Jesuits lost $6 million, thanks to Mr. Sharp.)

For Christmas that year Sharp, via the Jesuits, gave Nieman-Marcus gift certificates to the wives of six astronauts. Sharp had a little something extra for Mrs. Lovell—25,000 unregistered shares of NBL stock worth $390,000. It came right before Lovell left for the moon. "The idea was that sometime in the future, had everything gone all right, I could at the proper time sell the stock and repay his cost with the cost of the stock," Lovell explained to the SEC. The astronaut wrote out an IOU for the securities, but he kept it himself. The "proper time" to return the stock came on January 25, 1971, seven days after the multi-million-dollar scandal became public knowledge.

According to Lovell's recent testimony before the SEC, Sharp had expressed the hope that the astronaut might join him in some business ventures when he retired from the space game. As Lovell, a Naval officer, put it, he "went aboard" National Bankers Life as a member of the board of directors for $5000 a month. (The other directors were getting $100 a month for their services.) The idea was to give Lovell a little business knowhow, because Sharp wanted to buy Braniff Airlines and make Lovell president. "I thought it would be a good idea," Lovell said. Sharp prepared a letter to Ling-Temco-Vought saying that he, Lovell, and a third man were offering $120 million of the Jesuit Fathers' money for LTV's 56 percent interest in Braniff, but the deal was never closed.

* * *

LOVELL ACTED AS SHARP'S lifeline to the other astronauts. While the Apollo 12 crew was still quarantined with its moon rocks, Lovell called to discuss the great future of NBL stock. The three crew members, Charles Conrad, Dick Gordon and Alan Bean, later met with Sharp but turned down an offer of stock owned by the Jesuit Fathers—or so they thought.

According to the testimony of Commander Conrad not long after rejecting the stock offer, "I came home on a Saturday from some trip and here was a letter from Ling & Co. with a stock confirmation. . . . I opened it up and it said I was the proud owner of 4500 shares of NBL at 28½ and would I please remit $128,000 and something within ten days. And I thought somebody was being very funny."

Gordon and Bean also received bills for stock. They met again with Sharp and told him to take the stock back. Conrad continues: "I assumed the

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matter was concluded when I got some kind of statement from Ling & Co. which showed I no longer owed them $128,000.00. I read all the zeroes in the zero column . . . and I assumed . . . and I am not a businessman, so credits and debits and so forth don't make too much sense to me, but it all came out to be zero, so I assumed that was their way of accounting for a transaction which they were writing off their books as not having taken place."

The document in question actually showed that the stock had been paid for at the cost of $128,250.00.

"Did you hear any more about this matter at all?" an SEC lawyer asked Conrad.

"No," he said, "I did not. I didn't hear anything more about this matter until January, 1971. Driving to work one morning I heard about Mr. Sharp and the SEC on the radio and I left town for a week and when I came back I found out my name was in the paper and that I had been the proud owner of NBL for some period of three and a half months, which was completely the first time I had ever heard of that."

—KAYE NORTHCOTT

Nixonomics

ON AUGUST 15, NIXON shook up the unwary—and even more, perhaps, the wary—with his hastily improvised New Economic Policy. The stated aims of these presumably temporary policies were to halt inflation, reduce unemployment, and protect the dollar in the world economy. Within two weeks (as this is being written), it was already evident that economic hasty pudding will be our dish for the indefinite future, as regards both domestic and international economic relationships.

Nixon moved when he did because of a dramatic coming together of a developing and serious import surplus of close to $700 million by July (the first in this century); an unplanned fiscal deficit in excess of $20 billion; a significant decrease in industrial production (9 percent in July); evidence that inflation, far from ending, is on its way to becoming worse (as key wages and prices piled on top of each other throughout the spring and summer); and an unemployment estimate of 7 percent from the Department of Labor. So he shot from the hip, at moving targets. Some of those targets may fall down, at least for a while; but both at home and abroad there will be shots returned; *ad hoc* policy here will provoke *ad hoc* policy there, and 'round and 'round we'll go. Nixon's means, quite apart from their predictable bias in favor of those at the top, would at best be appropriate for a short-term crisis; but this crisis has been brewing and bubbling for some years now. It is both global and national, and its roots are deep.

In a few words, we have reached the end of the post-war/cold war era (economically, at the least)—an era of unprecedented, sustained, and pervasive expansion for the Rich Man's Club of Nations (the U.S., Japan, Canada, the U.K. and the Common Market countries, plus the Swiss gnomes). The expansion was largely financed and utterly dominated by the U.S. in its critical years. Nixon is now fumbling aggressively for ways of dealing with conflicts within the Club (and the domestic connections that feed and are fed by it).

The U.S. was easily the world's leading economy as World War I ended, but the gains from those years pale by comparison with the opportunities provided the U.S. by World War II—a war more expensive, more widespread, and more destructive than its illustrious predecessor. What the American people have been taught to view as our burden of rehabilitating and defending the Free World was much more a set of possibilities and challenges which, taken together, gave a new lease on life not just to us, but to world-wide capitalism. It is unnecessary to posit conspiracy or even much self-consciousness in the power structure of the U.S. in the 1940s, noting that already by 1946 there was a recognition of a necessary harmony of interests in combining economic, political and military policies, if the U.S. was to cope beneficially with the times.

The new era—hawked by Henry Luce as the American Century—would rest upon three principal and interdependent developments: the internationalization of American (and Americanization of international) economic life, the militarization of our foreign policy and our production, and the maturation of American monopoly capitalism. If that era now seems to be drawing to a close, it is useful to understand that its demise is due much more to its successes (e.g., the great strength of the German and Japanese economies) than to its failures (e.g., the Indochinese war); but more than that, to see success and failure as having common roots.

By 1947, the "best minds" of the West (and especially Acheson, Adenauer, and Churchill) saw the need for an explicit and lasting U.S. presence in Europe. The Marshall Plan, which pumped over $12 billion into Western Europe between 1948 and 1952, was the first major beachhead for the American economic penetration of Europe. Like all such steps, it was lubricated with a humane rhetoric (not all of it misplaced, or even dishonest); but it was known at the time that there would have been no Marshall Plan unless it combined the twin virtues of stopping communism and enhancing American economic interests. Before Marshall spending ended, NATO had begun, spreading a measles of U.S. military bases over the body of non-Soviet Europe.

By 1952, the ability of the Europeans to think more of building than of rebuilding had begun; and it began in terms of the most modern technology. By the mid-'50s, their economies —and most especially the West German—had begun to hum, and to absorb growing amounts and types of American consumer and capital goods, and investments. (With a lag, and some variations, the same process took place in Japan.) By the late '50s, economic expansion was healthy enough that—with nudges from the United States—ancient national animosities could be smoothed enough to form the Common Market, a prime example of an achievement for the U.S. at one time which has now become a threat.

* * *

HAND IN HAND WITH the penetration of American capital and sales in Europe and Japan went our increased penetration and control of the colonial world. As old-

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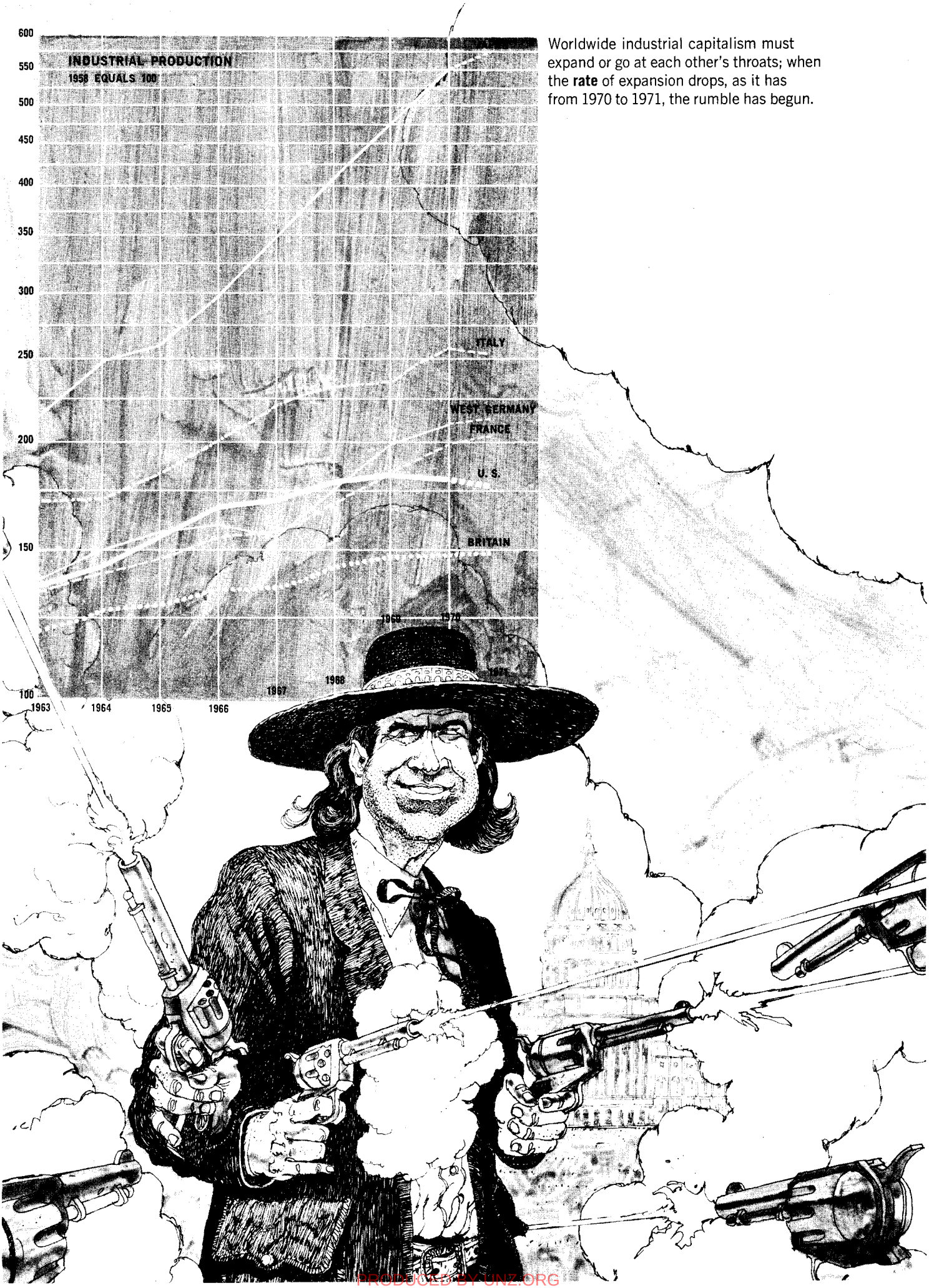

Worldwide industrial capitalism must expand or go at each other's throats; when the **rate** of expansion drops, as it has from 1970 to 1971, the rumble has begun.

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fashioned colonialism collapsed, due to the war and independence movements, neo-colonialism took its place; and the United States was the neo-colonizer (the French call us the coca-colonizer) par excellence. Although the U.S. had always had a vital relationship with the rest of the world, the situation which began to evolve in the late '50s was something different: we became heavily dependent on the markets, investment outlets, and financial gains outside our borders—all of which grew more healthily than those inside—and our industrialization also made us increasingly dependent upon the strategic raw materials we drew from the third world.

All this quite naturally gave a great stimulus to the "domestic" American economy, apart from other developments. But there were other developments, essential to, and flowing from, the foregoing. The cold war went hand in glove with the above processes, and it meant rising expenditures on military products and personnel—the net effect of which was enormously beneficial for American industry, finance, agriculture, and labor, and few indeed doubted that until very recently. Hundreds of bases at home and abroad, and rising piles of deadly junk which obsolesced rapidly and had the great virtue of stimulating the critical capital goods industries (among others), but of never competing for the market dollar, added up to over one *trillion* dollars of taxpayers' money (and Americans' incomes) between 1946 and 1970. A Keynesian dream come true, here on earth!

So much for internationalization and militarization, words which, added together, equal imperialism. Supporting, requiring, and strengthened by American imperialism was monopoly capitalism, which provided the main directions for our foreign policy. In the process the economic power of the major financial and industrial corporations was enhanced, everywhere and in every way; with the added dividend that the politics of the cold war served to stifle serious political alternatives to capitalism, here and abroad.

What played serpent to this paradise? More prosaically, why now do we have simultaneous inflation and recession at home, and deadly competition and monetary instability in the world? Why, in addition, so much unrest and crisis (in the cities, etc.) domestically? The current world-wide economic slowdown is the key element in explaining the emergence of economic strife and crisis at home and abroad. Nixon may or may not know this; he has in any case done nothing that would deal with the problem in his NEP. But the crisis does not belong to the U.S. alone; Japan, Germany, and the other rich nations are now trying to remember why they were so euphoric, only yesterday.

It is in the nature of capitalist economies that they must expand continually to create profits; as they must, also, to maintain some semblance of social stability, given the built-in inequities of capitalist distribution. But the forces that create expansion also bring it to an end. Successful capitalist functioning depends on market scarcity ("sellers' markets"); and, although expansion itself creates scarcities, at some point it begins to eliminate them, for expansion adds to supply forces. We passed that point some time ago. Now almost all members of the Club face excess capacity in their industrial cores, and slackening rates of growth.

The existence of inflation/recession is now as normal for us as the dirty air. How and why it can go on was explored at length in RAMPARTS (March 1971). Here let it suffice to say there is nothing unique about the coexistence of inflation and recession in capitalist societies—so much so that there is now a word for it: stagflation. That inflation can accompany war is to be expected, but it does seem more than passing strange to have recession, too. The clue to the puzzle is the nature of this war—one in which a far-out technology joins with monopoly structures—which means that the direct beneficiaries are limited in number (of corporations and workers): a fighter bomber that costs millions of dollars creates far fewer jobs, spread among mostly highly skilled workers, and uses fewer materials, etc., than would the same millions spent on tanks.

Meanwhile, the billions spent on military junk and junkies have reduced the real income of taxpayers, and have caused not only a shortage of liquidity (and thus raised interest rates, harming both business and consumers), but also a normal inflationary wartime situation—while also making it harder for federal, state, and local governments to provide either the services or the wages that might serve the cause of social stability, let alone social health.

* * *

THE DYNAMICS OF A CAPITALIST economy are provided by capital investment (and military expenditures, now); but the consumer provides a base that allows expansion to persist over time (especially when military expenditures level off). But since 1965 wage increases have fallen behind rising taxes and prices; and, although since World War II consumers' disposable income has quadrupled, consumer debt payments have risen three to four times faster. Consumers now owe 23 percent of their incomes as each month begins. In slack times, that debt is a very heavy albatross necklace.

Taking these and other unmentioned matters together, one can begin to understand not only that the behavior of all but the richest consumers has been weak, but that the oft-expressed hope that consumers will bail us out of this recession is founded on sand—the same sand on which Nixon's NEP structure rests.

The NEP will not reduce consumer weakness; it may even worsen it. The wage freeze will work, by and large (and be continued in one form or another); the price freeze will not even be seriously attempted. That is, consumers will stay (or fall farther) behind rising taxes and prices. The repeal of the automobile excise tax will sell more cars; but there is no sure correlation between that and more jobs, except with massive increases in sales, for over-time schedules can easily absorb expanded sales at present.

Will the 10 percent investment tax credit create jobs (or improve productivity)? It may be remembered that Congress passed a liberalized depreciation law this past spring, a law with the same intent. Investment has continued to fall off—as stands to reason with an average 27 percent excess capacity in industry (and over 50 per-

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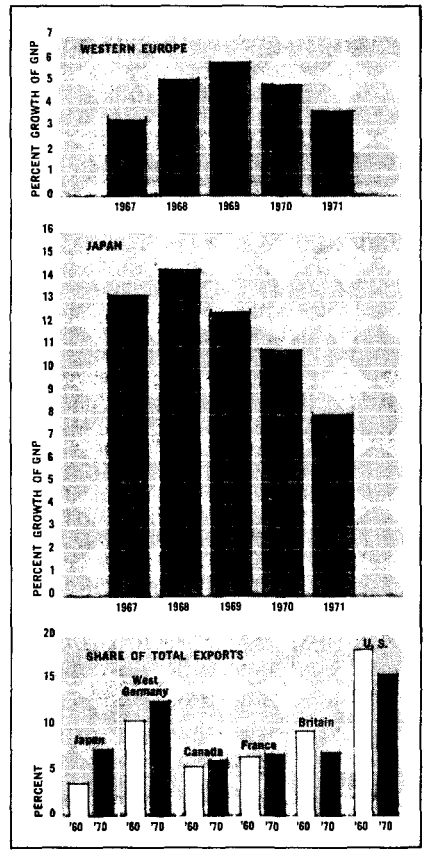
cent in steel). These measures, aimed at bringing life to the critical capital goods industries, are aimed at the right target, for those industries remain the key to expansion (which is why war is such a fine and dandy thing); but capital goods are weak all over the Club, not just here. Corporations face a possible gain of nine billions from tax savings; but nobody expects workers to gain. Profits, *si;* jobs, no.

Nor does one need to know anything at all about economics to see that allowing 5 percent of federal jobs to fall vacant, and cutting the federal budget by $5 billion, seems to be moving in something like the worst ways for creating more employment.

* * *

So we turn to the international measures. Here a distinction may be made between Japan and Europe. The 10 percent import surcharge was aimed squarely at Japan, with whom we run at present an import surplus of well over $2 billion a year, and it is rising. When the cessation of gold shipments was added to the surcharge, the pressure to revalue the yen became overpowering for Japan. *Either* revaluation of 10 percent *or* the surcharge would eliminate our import surplus with Japan; taken together, *if* they persist, they will give us an export surplus—which Japan also knows. Immediately Japan had to revalue; in oncoming months, she will find other steps to protect her interests—export subsidies, import quotas, hidden tariffs, etc. Japan must export and import in large quantities, or suffer badly; but Japan, now the strongest national economy after the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., has the tightest controls over her economy of any in the Club, and she will do much to prevent that suffering. That story has just begun. (It may take a switch because of the Ping Pong Saga now under way which, if it means closer relationships between Peking and Japan, could do much to resolve Japan's economic tensions with us.)

Europe is different. The EEC countries run an import surplus from us, of over $2 billion annually. The problem there will be exacerbated; but their problem with the overvalued dollar will be mitigated somewhat. Europe is flooded with over 50 billion so-called Eurodollars (dollars "owned" by foreigners, held in European banks, earning interest, and stimulating inflation). Her central bankers want that brought under control, which *de facto* devaluation of the dollar helps. *De facto* devaluation will also make it more costly for American corporations to buy up or into European industry. "More costly" simply means that only the most powerful of American corporations will be able to push along those lines. (One of the matters unable to be analyzed here is the complex meaning of the many American companies that now sell stuff in the U.S. and elsewhere that their companies produced or put together abroad—Pinto cars in England, Dodge Colts in Japan, Levi pants in Hongkong, etc.) The real meaning of the gold and surcharge policies is an attempt to force a new international monetary system, for the imbalances in the present one are now structural. Naturally, each of the powerful countries will seek to forge that new system to favor itself, both in monetary and real terms. In the capitalist world, it's each for himself and God for all; but if Europe and/or Japan is to fend against the United States—whose power is still primary, despite all—they will have to learn to work together. Their supercorporation powers will seek supranationalism; their history will cling to nationalism. The latter finds its support amongst the lesser businessmen, the farmers, and the workers in Europe. How it will all come out, as Ernest Mandel has incisively shown in his *Europe vs. America* (1970), is at this point problematic, at best. Thus, the international meaning of Nixon's NEP is pure murk.



Nothing has been said here about the economies of the third world, but that is where we must look for long-run probabilities. Since the late '50s, those economies have fallen on to harder and harder times (to the benefit of the rich countries). The purchasing power of their exports, and their ability to penetrate industrial countries' markets with finished goods, have both fallen, as their indebtedness to those same countries has risen. The new crisis of slowdown for the Club can only make a bad situation worse for the poor.

As JFK realized, the U.S. cannot afford to be protectionist on economic or political grounds. But neither can we allow a trade deficit—unlike Great Britain in the 19th century, which ran a persistent trade deficit, but no payments deficit. But not to have a trade deficit means to have a steadily expanding *world* economy, and that takes us back to the third world, for the Club has used up most of its fuel generated *within* the Club.

If there is to be economic expansion for the rich nations in the foreseeable future, it will have to depend in critical part on overall economic expansion in the poor countries—and there is no more probability of that happening than there is of its counterpart in the U.S.—improvement of the conditions of the American poor. Quite the contrary, the NEP is designed by the powerful, for the powerful. A design to enrich the poor will have to come from the poor—here, and abroad.

But such a design requires a political movement that is radical in its comprehension, and revolutionary in its ends and means. Of such a movement we have yet to see anything more than smoke trails here and there, on distant horizons. —Doug Dowd

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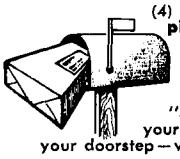

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The Once and Future Shah

"It would be a mistake to view these ceremonies as simple flights of his majesty's megalomaniac fantasy... they form an integral part of his oppression of the Iranian people."

DURING THE WEEK of October 12–17 Iran celebrates 2500 years of monarchy. Planning began 10 years ago and millions of dollars have been spent on the five days of festivities. Iranian Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi is inviting nearly 70 monarchs and heads of state to a special celebration at the ancient capital of Persepolis in the south Iranian desert. A festival village has been built for the occasion: Maxim's of Paris has been given the catering concession, and pipes have been laid over tens of miles to bring water to this long-deserted zone. The Shah will be host to the monarchs of eight European countries, to the Emperor of Japan, to Presidents Nixon and Podgorny and to the butcher kings of Jordan, Morocco, Saudi Arabia and Ethiopia.

There is little new in this form of celebration. In 1967 the Shah crowned himself (25 years late) as monarch of Iran, King of Kings and Sun of the Aryans; then he lavished millions on new crowns for himself and his wife and on a bejewelled 18th century carriage made in Vienna by the former coachmakers to the Hapsburg emperors. It would be a mistake, however, to view these ceremonies as simple flights of his majesty's megalomaniac fantasy, for they form an integral part of his oppression of the Iranian people. The regime is saturated with bogus ceremony and suffocating monarchist cant which is rammed down the throats of schoolchildren and diffused incessantly through the press and media. His dynasty rests on such forms of mystification.

The Shah's father, Reza Khan, was a cavalry officer who came to power in a military coup in 1921. He first abolished the monarchy and then made himself king four years later. To boost his shaky regime, he cooked up an artificial Iranian ideology, based on the alleged continuity of Iran's monarchy from the days of the classical pre-Muslim rulers like Cyrus and Cambyses through to the present day. In fact, however, Iran has not experienced 2500 years of monarchy: in between the Arab conquests in the 7th century A.D. and the emergence of the Safavid monarchy in the 16th century, Iran was without a national sovereign. To obliterate this gap, Reza Khan and his son have fabricated a connection: pseudo-classical architecture and designs have been invented; the dynasty calls itself Pahlevi after a language of the classical period; and an anomalous system of months and years has been brought in which is distinct from both the Muslim system found in the rest of the Middle East and from the Christian system found in the western world.

The Shah takes great pains to sustain his monarchist image at home. No criticism is allowed in Iran and ministers who become too popular get booted out. His official picture hangs everywhere.

He takes equal care to enhance his image abroad: at one level this involves planting drivelling gossip in women's magazines about the beauty and loyalty of his wives (Soraya and now Farah); such articles tend to stress the Shah's happy mixture of fatherly love for his children and paternal care for his people. At a more serious level, he has waged a systematic campaign to attract foreign capital to Iran, stressing its "political stability" and the favorable conditions that investors will find there. (Iranians abroad who challenge this benevolent image are rooted out; secret police agents infiltrate opposition groups and the families of dissidents are pressured at home. In Germany, Britain and the U.S., where the 20,000 exile student community is concentrated, threats and assaults on militants are common.)

[HOLDING THE NORTHERN TIER]

IN HIS OWN WAY THE SHAH is quite correct in stressing Iran's "stability." In recent years it has been one of the most reliable western allies in the third world, and one of the soundest areas for economic investment. But this marks a clear break with previous periods. The Second World War threw Iran into an economic crisis: inflation, shortages, and the rise of a communist movement, represented by the *Tudeh* (Masses) party, weakened the fragile state Reza had built, and in the post-war period Iran was locked in political struggles. The most popular leader to emerge in this period was Mohammed Mosadegh, an eloquent nationalist who challenged the Shah's political power and called for the nationalization of Iranian oil. In 1951, Mosadegh, as Prime Minister, was able to outflank the pro-British elements in the regime and nationalize the oil. But he was in a weak position: he was backed not by an organized party, but by a group of parliamentary deputies together with an unreliable mass following in the streets. The *Tudeh* and its patron, the Soviet Union, vacillated in their support of Mosadegh. In addition, the international oil cartel enforced a nearly total boycott of Iranian oil, thus depriving Iran of its main source of income, and causing an economic crisis that lost Mosadegh considerable popularity.

At the same time Mosadegh's enemies were hard at work on other fronts. Traditionally the Shah had relied on the British, who were well versed in meddling in Iran. But in the oil crisis of the 1950s the Shah turned to the U.S. Inflamed with anti-communist fervor, the U.S. regarded Iran as a bulwark in the Middle East, part of the "northern tier" that stretched from Turkey to Afghanistan and Pakistan. A nationalist or communist victory there would have been a blow to this containment policy. So, as the Shah's position worsened in 1952 and 1953, the U.S., through an old-time Middle East hand, Kermit Roosevelt, built contacts with the Shah and with the ex-Nazi army chief, General Zahedi. In the summer of 1953 the clash between Mosadegh and the Shah came to a head: as the Shah fled to Rome

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in apparent disarray, Zahedi and his forces entered Tehran on August 19 and toppled Mosadegh's regime.

In an age when every event in the third world is attributed to the ubiquitous CIA, it must be emphasized that the August 19, 1953 coup in Iran was indeed clearly financed, organized and carried out by CIA agents—to a degree found perhaps in only one other case, the anti-Arbenz group in Guatemala a year later. CIA-head Allen Dulles, Roosevelt, U.S. Ambassador to Iran Loy Henderson and New Jersey police chief Norman Schwartzkopf met the Shah's sister in Switzerland on August 10; on August 15 the Shah made his fake exit; and on August 19 the coup occurred.

The Shah was not slow to reward the U.S. Under the renegotiated oil agreement of 1954, five U.S. companies got a 40 percent share [8 percent each for Gulf, Socony-Vacuum, Standard (N.J.), Standard (Calif.) and Texaco] in the exploitation of Iranian oil, previously the sole preserve of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (now British Petroleum). The U.S. proceeded to help the Shah build up his secret police, SAVAK, and poured $900 million in defense and economic aid into Iran between 1953 and 1960. In 1955 Iran joined the Baghdad Pact, the Middle East version of SEATO, which Dulles set up to contain "communism" in the area.

[THE WHITE REVOLUTION]

UP TO 1961, HOWEVER, the situation in Iran remained "unstable." Despite savage repression, mass executions of opponents and air attacks on dissident tribes, opposition to the Shah was active and prolonged. A permanent State Department committee, the "Iran Task Force," watched anxiously for the moment when the sturdy little monarch might fall. Then, in 1961, the Shah launched a series of economic reforms which, though cloaked in the false and misleading ideological covering of popular, democratic, progressive changes, nonetheless have profoundly altered Iranian society. Financed by oil revenues and foreign aid, the new economic policies permitted rapid capitalist development of Iran. As a result, Iran stands second only to Japan as the most economically successful non-socialist country in Asia.

The first step in the new program was land reform: Iran's 50,000 villages were owned by a small group of feudal families, many of whom owned villages the size of Holland or Belgium. In the period 1962–64 the Shah limited ownership to one village per owner, and then later introduced capitalist rents and some actual distribution to alter the hold of the old landowners. But, despite the accompanying democratic and populist rhetoric, the reforms for the most part merely confirmed existing inequalities: sharecroppers simply became renters and over 60 percent of the peasantry remained landless. While agricultural "efficiency" increased, those peasants who did receive grants of land were those who already had been relatively prosperous under the previous system. In 1957, at the end of the second phase of the land reform, 786,715 peasants had become *owners*, but nearly twice that number, 1,223,968, had become *leaseholders*. The most outrageous and inefficient pre-capitalist landowners were restricted, but landowners who had "mechanized" their lands were exempt—so any landlord with a rusty old tractor was able to claim mechanization and increase his extraction of the surplus by slapping up the rents.

The Shah has claimed that the land reform was inspired by his admiration for the Kennedy administration and by his love for his people. In fact, however, it was inspired by the reverse: the people's hatred for the Shah. The reforms have aimed to speed up the capitalist development of Iran to stave off growing popular dissatisfaction. This was well expressed by the initial agent of the White Revolution, Ali Amini, the Shah's Prime Minister in 1961: "We must not allow the people's anger to rise," he said. "It would sweep us all away, the Shah and the Aminis." What the reforms have accomplished has been the removal of the most glaring feudal inequalities in the countryside, and the creation of the bases for the development of a prosperous class of capitalist farmers on whom the regime can rely both politically and economically. Yet the rural changes have proceeded very precariously: agrarian production has been falling behind the growth of population—in 1969 it rose by only 1.7 percent while the population rose by 3.2 percent. While at least 45 percent of the population is engaged in agriculture, that sector accounts for less than 25 percent of GNP (and non-official observers reckon it to make up only 16 percent). Moreover, a significant proportion of the landless peasantry has been moving into the towns to swell the growing ranks of urban unemployed. Despite real changes, the figures and claims made by the regime are both false and misleading.

* * *

THE SHAH ALSO CLAIMS TO BE succeeding in industrializing the country through use of growing oil revenues. But while it is true that Iran has had a growth rate of around 10 percent in the past four years, industry accounts for only 10 percent of GNP, whereas services, the fastest growing sector, represents over 40 percent. This growing services sector caters to the occidental consumption habits of the bourgeoisie and to the tens of thousands of foreigners who have flocked to Tehran in recent years to suck the oil boom. Several factors have contributed to this rather modest growth in the industrial sector. Many projects have been misplanned and badly run: the two largest projects, the gas trunkline to Russia and the Sahpur petro-chemicals plant, have both cost more than double the original $500 million allocation. More serious, however, is the fact that industrial development has been accompanied by a growing intervention by European capital in the Iranian economy outside of the oil sector. Iran has openly invited this participation and a special Center for the Attraction and Protection of Foreign Industries (CAPFI) operates under the auspices of the Central Bank. The U.S. is the leading foreign exploiter in this field: of the 119 foreign companies operating in Iran in April 1971, 32 were American, 18 West German and 14 British; but of the total $350 million invested by foreign firms up to mid-1970, $215 million came from U.S. firms. It is here that the size of the

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services sector is explained: the surplus from the oil sector is sucked out by foreign firms providing services for the Iranian middle classes. In 1965–68 over 30 percent of the amount invested in Iran through CAPFI left the country as capital outflow to foreign firms.

But the surplus is sent back to the U.S. and Europe in another vital way which benefits imperialism politically as well as financially. In 1972 Iran will devote more than a third of her budget ($895 million) to military expenditures. Up to 1961 the Shah's army was funded by the U.S. for a uniquely internal role—suppressing the people. Since that time Iran has come to play an international role in the Mideast as a guardian of "stability" in the Gulf area and as a counterweight to Iraq and other leftist regimes. At 160,000 strong, the Iranian army is by far the largest in the Gulf area. The only official figure for current U.S. expenditures in this area is a $950,000 request to Congress to train the 250-man U.S. Military Advisory Mission in Iran; but the U.S. Export-Import Bank has provided $120 million in credit for arms, and another $100 million in loans for the purchase of 135 Phantoms which the Shah is using to re-equip his air force.

[BENEATH THE WESTERN FACADE]

THE MIDDLE CLASS CREATED by the Shah's economic reforms is made up of the 500,000 or so state officials together with a growing number of private businessmen—mainly agents of large western firms. Despite the rhetoric about Iran's millennia of culture, this bourgeoisie is densely permeated by the most decadent and superficial aspects of western society. It is clear from the shops along Ferdousi Avenue in Tehran or in the city's northern residential suburbs that western consumption habits are popular, and a growing number of Iranians take their holidays abroad. Moreover, Iranians are culturally quite distinct from the Arabs and Turks—whom they usually despise—and are more confident *vis-à-vis* the West than many other Asian bourgeoisies. But traditional forms of repression survive beneath this superficial westernization, and actually have been accentuated by the frustration that western consumer habits have created. While Iranian girls wear miniskirts and read the slick U.S. news magazines, they nonetheless remain terrorized by a rampaging sexism which permeates every aspect of their lives. Sexism is deployed and enforced through education, gossip, fear and by the jealous and active interference of mothers, aunts, fathers and elder brothers who humiliate and crush their female relatives until such time as they can be handed on to husbands, physically intact although often mentally shattered. Tehran has a rapidly expanding prostitution racket, centered in the south Tehran zone known as New City but flanked by an elaborate system of call-girls. This apparently unshaken oppression of Iranian women lies behind much of the so-called westernization. And, while women are the victims of this ultra-sexist environment, men remain trapped within it by the ideology of *javanmard* (Iranian machismo).

The most horrendous aspect of the Shah's regime, however, is the political repression on which it rests. A vigorous and sustained opposition has come from the left ever since the overthrow of Mosadegh in 1953, and the Shah has built up the SAVAK, the secret police, to crush it. SAVAK is believed to number some 60,000 men and its buildings are well known, if not officially designated, in Tehran. The present five-year plan includes an allocation of $6.7 million for the construction of 84 new SAVAK buildings and a new detention center for political prisoners. There have been endless show trials, detentions, murders and executions of the left in the past 18 years. Amnesty International estimates that there are over 2,000 political detainees in Iran at the moment. However, the number is probably much higher as, both in the cities and in the countryside, many people disappear without trace. In the 1950s, left-wing organizations in the army and the university were rooted out and Mosadegh's National Front was suppressed. Since that time, the opposition's organization has fragmented, yet at the same time there has been an eternal effervescence with new groups springing up inside and outside Iran. Abroad, the Confederation of Iranian Students has kept up a constant campaign against the Shah.

In 1971 a new wave of opposition, led by militants who first came into politics in the 1960s, has surfaced. The militants revere Mosadegh, viewing him as an inspiration and a symbol, not to be criticized; yet their political formation has been influenced by Vietnam and Palestine. In February there was a three-day battle in the jungle near the Caspian Sea between guerrillas and government forces, and police stations in different parts of the country have been attacked. Last November urban guerrillas came close to kidnapping the U.S. Ambassador, Douglas MacArthur II; in April of this year they succeeded in gunning down General Farsiu, the chief military judge in the trials of opposition cadres. There also have been strikes in Tehran for the first time in several years, and in May government forces shot three workers at Karaj, just north of Tehran. These outbreaks are sporadic and uncoordinated, but they show the growth of a new opposition born of the specific conditions created by the White Revolution.

* * *

IN APRIL 500 STUDENTS in Tehran were arrested for protesting the millions of dollars the Shah is wasting on a gross spectacle designed to manipulate the people. The Shah and his guests will be celebrating nothing less than the continued pillage of Iran by foreign imperialists and by the Iranian ruling class. No doubt the world's press will turn out the standard sentimental material about the Shah. Yet the real voice of Iran is not that of the Shah with his megalomaniac festivities and his faked history: it is that of Paknejad and his comrades, now imprisoned with thousands of others in the dungeons of SAVAK. 2500 years of "monarchy" is 2500 years of oppression. Far from celebrating this, *they* want to bring it to an end.

Fred Halliday is an editor of the British monthly New Left Review. *He is a frequent contributor to* RAMPARTS, *specializing in the politics of the Middle East.*

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CONTRADICTIONS

by Carl Oglesby

[NIXON IN ASIA]

(II)

LAST MONTH I WONDERED if Nixon's astonishing Asia policy was not part of a much longer deception, perhaps leading toward the escalation of the war with China.

This much is not crazy: If for whatever reason his group should want a nuclear China war, then he would have to have a politically unified home base. The easy and maybe the most relevant traditional means of achieving that is to be attacked by an old adversary with whom one was being reasonable. Diplomatic history is filled with such deceits.

I still dare to offer no sense of when such a Hitler-Stalin tragedy might be consummated, hopefully this second time not as too bloody a farce.

From the American military side, the modern war for the Pacific Kingdom would finally have been modernized fully. It will seem ungrateful or spiteful to say so, but among many results, one result of Nixon's troop withdrawal is that Vietnam north and south alike will stand exposed to a more plausible threat of full world-strategic-level force. The reasoning of this would appear to be economic in the broadest sense: From a U.S. cost-effectiveness standpoint, it has become sounder policy to contain the Vietnamese revolution strategically by redefining it as lying outside the Bamboo Curtain than to continue in these rootless military efforts to assimilate Vietnam, thus Indochina, to the Free World.

It comes to this: The duel in the East is ultimately philosophic in the sense that it is a struggle between rival conceptions of human reality, in which strategic nuclear weapons (unhappily for everyone) have apparently become the United States' main substitute for the pro-life ideas, the species commitment, and the planetary quality of reasoning with which a rising world voice claims such a duel would more fruitfully be joined. The duel pits Pacific wisdom against Atlantic wisdom, two dissimilar, changing, potent wisdoms, one not old but weary, the other fresh but not young, neither alone in the other's world, each capable of graceful conjunction with everything in the other from which it is now divided, one dissolving as it advances, the other gleaming as it condenses.

Meantime our statesmen prepare for this high, possibly magic struggle under two additional burdens, namely, the contemporary exhaustion of an old vision of the bounds of Western culture, and relatedly the West's current infatuation with means of historical disappearance (e.g., as with "culture revisionist" views of *decadence, corruption,* the transformation of loyalties). How can these statesmen succeed? How can a tired child like Nixon fail to try proving his manhood against Chou En-lai? Such panic as Nixon's late maneuvers imply always stinks of the war in the distance.

From the Chinese side, how could one presume to guess what nuclear attack would mean? One could hope for nothing less terrible than another Long March—to be survived, surmounted, with whatever passion, wisdom, or gaiety helps make endurable a grief which political methods cannot compensate.

* * *

A POLITICAL ASIDE: Hence, I hope, a reminder that the generations of the hip left, presumptive heirs to the Atomic Empire based in North Atlantic basin industrial society, refused to think very much about the atomic-war threat whose beneficiaries they were supposed to be, and often seemed to flaunt a disdainful pleasure in provoking the local war gods, but did so mainly in order that political life would not be defeated in advance by the fear that revolution, since from now on it could lead only to nuclear reprisals, thus was too expensive. To be intimidated by such reasoning was fatal. So indifference to consequences, one privilege of impotent criticism, became a left-wing virtue.

It is nevertheless *sane* still to want the cost of an absolutely pro-species politics to be lower than that. If there is at all anything else to do, and even if the "acceptance" is mainly theoretical and touches only the lives of a few vanguardists, then it is not sane to "accept" the risk of a nuclear war just because one believes one's adversaries would bear the exclusive moral responsibility for waging it, or worse, because some theory may have explained it as a necessary interlude in the making of some conclusively just revolution.

"Be afraid. Be bold." These two commands may be regarded as supporting one another and as arising from the same experience. They now accompany a spreading idea that left politics can be resumed only on new terms, and that among other things the creation of a newly vitalized sense of politics requires *movement people* (I admit, a confusingly *old* term) to confess to a primary nuclear anxiety which does not belong to whatever is cowardly in liberalism but somehow to a common general predicament, and which cannot be ignored as somebody else's problem simply because it stems from somebody else's madness. The burden of a radical-activist humanism suitable for our period does not seem to me to end with the mere explanation of the deadness of our Atomic Bomb Civilization. It continues to the pursuit of a realistic remedial politics, even if this entails (I cannot see how our young Tybalts can evade this) a moderately voiced, practical discussion of the Democratic Party as it is today, the new liberalism that is trying fitfully to form an active base, the gathering circle of compromised peace heroes, and the (meager?) possibilities of explicit or implicit coalition between the institutionalized center-left, which has so few ideas, and the self-disestablished left, which has so few means.

* * *

MY MAIN REASON for regarding Nixon's moves in Asia with a disbelief so unashamed is the magnitude of their achieved results, namely, the alienation of Japan from the United States, and what the world context makes an implicit corollary of this, the eventual realization of an all-Asia league somehow presided over by a *de facto* if not diplomacized coalition of China and Japan in which a Vietnam only superficially tied to the USSR will play a leading role.

(Continued on Page 70)

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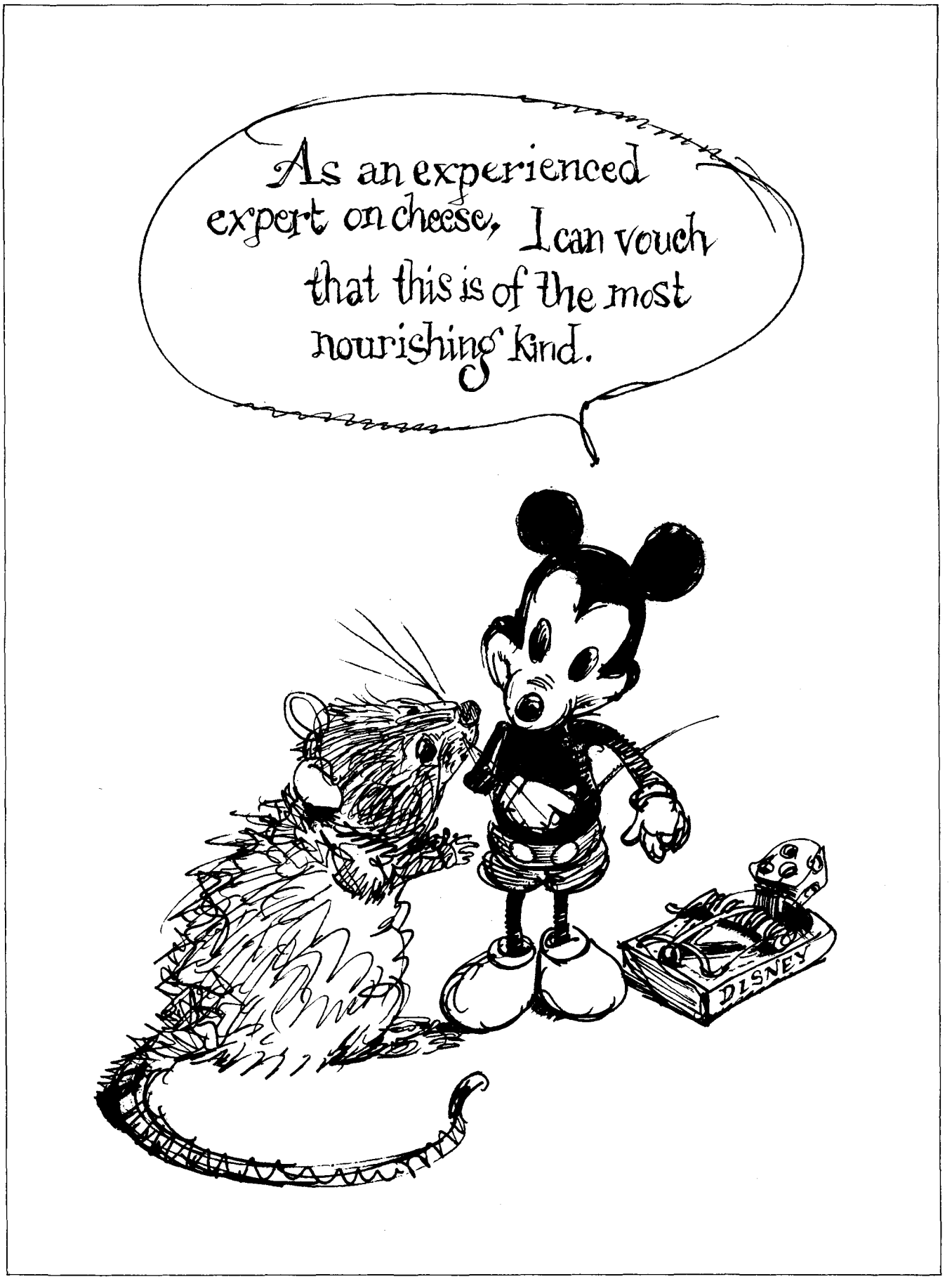

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Disney's War Against the Wilderness

WHEN WALT DISNEY DIED IN 1966, the consensual eulogy about his greatness was interrupted by occasional whisperings about the fate of his body. It had not been interred or cremated at all, so the rumors went, but had been frozen, the creator of Mickey Mouse having in his later years become a convert to the fledgling cult of cryogenics. At about the time of this gothic gossip, Disney's corporation was receiving permission from the U.S. Forest Service to carve one of the world's largest ski areas out of Mineral King, an untouched part of the Sierra Valley, bordered on three sides by Sequoia National Park, and midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. It was this that led certain Hollywood cynics to wonder out loud if Walt would one day be thawed out and return to ski when his magic Alpine kingdom was completed.

It is easy to see why anything touched by Walt Disney Productions lends itself to comic speculation. But the question of the development of Mineral King is deadly serious. While the total environmental impact of this relatively small area is hardly as important as other eminent tragedies—say, the trans-Alaska pipeline—it is a symbol of the jeopardy of America's ecology. Not since John Muir's historic fight to save the Yosemite Valley from private development has there been a conservation battle of such watershed proportions. For Walt Disney Productions is being aided in its attempted rape of this beautiful area by the U.S. Forest Service itself. At the core of the Mineral King controversy are issues such as the right of the Forest Service to license such development without holding prior public hearings; the right of developers to build ugly resorts within a National Game Refuge; the right of the government to lease large tracts of national forest land to developers; the propriety of the government lobbying through a highway across a national park for the convenience of a private resort; and the right of government agencies to string an unsightly power transmission line across a national park without congressional approval. When the Sierra Club challenges the Mineral King plan in the Supreme Court this fall, these questions and others will be raised; and the answer will tell much about the future of America's environment.

The decision, which is expected early next year, will be made on the basis of arguments presented in the stiff formality of the Court's chambers. But no brief can possibly match a first-hand look at this spectacular two-mile-long Sierra valley. If the justices were to doff their robes, fly to California and drive the winding mountain road into Mineral King, they would find themselves surrounded by steep mountain peaks, waterfalls, and streams, a domain popu-

by Roger Rapoport

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lated by wildlife, countless species of wildflowers and an occasional camper or hiker. If they followed the hiking trails up into the glacially formed valleys, they would discover 22 pristine lakes, each with its own distinctive setting and character. They would understand the extent to which Disney's Forest Service-sanctioned plan would change all this, the $35 million investment bringing in 2.5 million visitors annually via a new 26-mile road built across Sequoia National Park by the state at a cost of $45 million. All would park in an 8- to 10-story structure designed to accommodate 3600 cars. Up to 12,000 daily visitors would be whisked by a tramway to an Alpine village, check in at a 1030-room hotel complex, meet at the convention center, browse in shops and watch movies (presumably the latest Disney fare) at the theater. In the morning a system of more than two dozen ski lifts would carry the guests up four miles into the surrounding wilderness for skiing in winter or picnicking in summer. There would be a choice of three buffeteria, three snack bars, a konditorei, teen center, coffee shop, waitress-served restaurant, multi-service restaurant and gourmet restaurant. Although the federal government legally can lease only 80 acres for resorts developed on national forest land, this Disney recreation empire would cover 300 acres of land in the Mineral King Wildlife Refuge with ski facilities spanning over 13,000 acres; access to the extra property is obtained through year-to-year lease permits supplementing the basic 80-acre permit and good for 30 years.

OF COURSE THIS DEVELOPMENT IS only a beginning. The Disney corporation frequently cites a pledge made by Walt when his company first won the bid: "All of us promise that our efforts now and in the future will be dedicated to making Mineral King grow to meet the ever-increasing public need. I guess you might say it won't ever be finished." And that's precisely what frightens a lot of people who fear for the fragile beauty of Mineral King. They point out that Yosemite Valley is considered crowded even with 10,000 visitors, and that region is seven times the size of the Mineral King Valley. The Disney resort would wipe out all Forest Service campsites in Mineral King. Backpackers would be forced to park and pay at the Disney lot and then compete with the crowds, lifts and noise. The sixty Mineral King cabin owners who have leased sites from the Forest Service for as long as 50 years would be forced out. A reservoir would cover part of the valley with a channel carved out to "stabilize" the Kaweah River and keep it from changing its course. Forty-five irreplaceable giant Sequoias would be endangered by the access road. Lodgepole pine and red fir forest would be hacked down to accommodate ski runs. Nearly 400 acres would be bulldozed, graded, or otherwise altered.

Even though the matter is still in the courts, the Forest Service is already readying the valley for this massive development, which it believes will "improve the ecology of Mineral King." One camping area was closed off in 1970 because of "pollution," thus making way for a reservoir that will cut off access to the region. Eventually the Forest Service plans to eliminate camping altogether in Mineral King and build a new campsite near Disney's 8- to 10-story parking ramp five miles from the valley. Oblivious to the valley's history as a one-time California boom town, the Forest Service has already torn down buildings from the area's colorful past, replacing them with such structures as a grotesque $4000 kiosk that carries displays touting the wonders of federal land management programs.

The Forest Service's actions in Mineral King are not some kind of bizarre accident. It manages 187 million acres of federal land in 44 states and Puerto Rico, and is actually after a piece of the resort development business itself. After several decades of leasing public lands to over 200 ski corporations, the Forest Service has elected to try its own hand at the lucrative recreation business. The federal take of the Forest Service at Mineral King is projected at $600,000 a year. Success here would guarantee similar big resort ventures elsewhere. It's not hard to see the lure. In California alone, recreational subdividers are selling off 700,000 acres a year to urbanites hungry for fresh air and a piece of the vanishing ecology. One company alone, Boise-Cascade, has 19 land projects going that have cut up 84,700 acres into 41,700 lots. In the 1968–69 fiscal year Boise sold land contracts worth $159 million.

Since the Forest Service owns more recreational land (20 million acres) in California than anyone else, it's only natural for the agency to go after a slice of the market. And Mineral King is a natural starting point. The issues and the stakes are quite clear. This is why the battle being waged by the Sierra Club and a loose coalition of environmentalists over this small piece of wilderness has taken on such epic proportions.

[II]

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME Mineral King has been the target of outsiders. Greedy speculators, sharp promoters, and their political allies gave the valley its first economic jolt a century ago. In 1872 a spiritualist named James Crabtree claimed he was guided by an Indian spirit to the White Chief mine at the south end of Mineral King, which he duly staked and recorded in 1873. Crabtree and a group of businessmen and ranchers from the nearby San Joaquin Valley town of Porterville immediately formed a Mineral King Mining District. Newspaper reports of a fabulous lode of gold, silver and other metals lured prospectors onto the rugged back country trails in a rush to the remote valley. By the fall of 1873 sixty-five claims had been filed. A spate of mining companies formed overnight and the speculators rushed in.

The trails into Mineral King were upgraded into a narrow road; mining equipment and other freight was packed in by mules. A sawmill sprang up to provide lumber for the new homes, stores, hotels and saloons of Mineral King, whose population eventually reached 3000. But the beckoning Indian spirit apparently didn't know much about mineralogy. The Mineral King ore gained the name "rebellious" because it simply didn't contain enough gold, silver, zinc, lead or sulphur to support extraction. In September of 1877 the New England Tunneling and Smelting Co. declared bankruptcy. Then on February 18, 1878, the first

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of a series of disastrous slides crushed a bunkhouse, and damaged mining equipment at the big Empire Mine.

The town dwindled until Tom Fowler, a state senator and cattle baron from Visalia, bought the Empire Mine and recharged the boom. To spur his miners on, he would leave the mine with a load of raw ore and return with a handsome silver bar that spelled a fortune for everyone. Unfortunately the same bar was used over and over again. It was bogus, and had been made from melted down silverware.

With boundless optimism Fowler spent $50,000 to upgrade the road into Mineral King and install a stamp mill. But nature rebelled. A disastrous avalanche in April 1880 ripped it out and ruined some of the buildings. As the women and children were evacuated, the miners gradually realized the ore was too expensive to extract. By 1882 Mineral King was virtually deserted, the ghost town serially destroyed by avalanches over the years.

By the turn of the century San Joaquin Valley families began vacationing at Mineral King during summers. The 15,000-acre region became an undesignated region of the Sequoia National Forest. In 1926 a federal act incorporated most of the national forest land around Mineral King into the Sequoia National Park. Mineral King itself was excluded because a few mining interests were still active, leftovers from the great silver rush. Instead the region was designated a Sequoia National Game Refuge.

In the 1920s families began building modest summer cabins on land leased from the Forest Service. Many were built by schoolteachers in a locale dubbed Faculty Flat. Each summer a small group of cognoscenti would come to Mineral King to fish, hike, backpack, ride, climb or explore old mining ruins. No phone, electric or gas lines ever came in. Cooking was done on wood stoves. For water, families stuck a rubber tube in the crystal clear Kaweah River. At the summer's end they would simply roll up the tube and take it home.

The good word spread and soon hardy vacationers from all over the valley and Southern California knew about Mineral King. Three pack stations and a tiny summer resort with nine cabins catered to tourists. Crowds were no problem because the winding road into the area (322 turns over the last 22 miles) acted as a natural control.

But the Forest Service decided that this calm use of the area was not profitable enough. So it conceived of "winterizing" Mineral King and in 1949 issued a prospectus seeking private investors to develop a ski area. But lack of an all-weather highway scared off all would-be bidders. While the Forest Service tried to solve the highway problem, a new visitor began frequenting Mineral King during the 1950s. His name was Walt Disney and he would drastically alter the history of the valley.

[III]

RAY BUCKMAN, WHO OPERATED the rental cabins, store and a pack station, invited Disney up for a visit. Walt was mesmerized by Mineral King and returned often as Buckman's guest. As a skier who had invested in the Sugar Bowl winter resort (and had a mountain named after him) 200 miles to the north, he appreciated Mineral King's potential, but at this point he was still preoccupied with Disneyland. Then in 1960 Disney worked with famed ski coach Willey Schaeffler on the pageantry for the Squaw Valley winter Olympics, afterwards asking Schaeffler to find him a ski area. The coach suggested Mineral King, and the pair visited the area, but Walt deferred a decision because he was tied down working on plans for the New York World's Fair and his projected Florida resort, Walt Disney World.

When work eased up a bit, Walt's advisors suggested he think about building a ski resort near the Los Angeles area. The Forest Service had been talking about licensing a ski area at Mt. San Gorgonio, 100 miles east of Los Angeles. But Disney discovered the Sierra Club was opposed to development in this wilderness area. He would have no part

of such a scheme. After all, said Walt, how would it look for an honorary life member of the Sierra Club to go against the organization?

Walt took great pride in the 1955 citation that honored his wildlife films and movies. Sierra Club president Dr. Ernest S. Griffith wrote: "Disney is like a sun ripening the grain for the wilderness advocates to harvest. . . . We need Disney, an army of Disneys, to tell the world what we have found, what we are fighting for, the glory of creation with the bloom on it, the splendor that men can continue to explore and enjoy as long as they respect all that is alive, protect beauty and cherish the equal rights of future generations in this precious planet."

But in 1963 all these honorific considerations fell prey to the hard-headed business sense for which Disney was justly famed. He finally elected to move on Mineral King. Un-

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like the 19th century miners, Disney proceeded with caution, determined to subdue Mineral King's stubborn beauty once and for all. The problem was that he knew nothing about the highly sophisticated business of running a ski resort. For the skiing business brings with it delicate management problems on such sophisticated matters as avalanches, snowfall, trail maintenance, lift operation, highway access and the weather. The season is relatively short and even the best ski areas are frequently struggling to stay out of the red.

BUT NONE OF THIS DETERRED UNCLE WALT. He had, after all, made a fortune hiring experts and putting his name on their work. Richard Schickel's biography, *The Disney Version,* relates one of Walt's favorite stories about his role in the corporate whirl

at Walt Disney Productions: "You know I was stumped one day when a little boy asked, 'Do you draw Mickey Mouse?' I had to admit that I did not draw any more. 'Then do you think up all the jokes and ideas?' 'No,' I said, 'I don't do that.' Finally he looked at me and said, 'Mr. Disney, just what do you do?' 'Well,' I said, 'sometimes I think of myself as a little bee. I go from one area of the studio to another and gather pollen and sort of stimulate everybody. I guess that's the job I do.' "

It was all Uncle Walt's way of explaining why he couldn't sketch Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pinocchio, Snow White, the dwarfs or any of his other characters. At the peak of his power, Disney tried to have his animators teach him how to sketch the old mouse for autograph hounds who wanted it with his name. But he couldn't master it. Even worse, he couldn't duplicate the famous script signature that was emblazoned on all his productions as the corporate trademark.

But if he couldn't draw a mouse or sign his name, Disney had a genius for hiring people with know-how. And that was how he came to hire Bob Hicks, a slick Southern California businessman who specialized in fronting for prominent politicians and executives who wanted to buy land anonymously. Hicks counted such California power-brokers as Jesse Unruh among his clients; he made a perfect dummy buyer because he looked and acted like a type-cast executive. Well-groomed, soft-spoken, and even-tempered, Hicks took on a tough assignment from Uncle Walt. The job was to buy up all 740 acres of private land in the Mineral King area so Disney would be free from competition. Once the land was tied up, Walt figured he would persuade the Forest Service to lease access to the rest of the valley acreage.

This strategy was based on a lesson Walt had learned at Disneyland. Walt underestimated the drawing power of his Anaheim park and bought only 230 acres. A huge number of ugly motels, drive-ins, restaurants and other businesses flocked to the Disneyland perimeter and were eventually grossing five times what the park was making. That, as well as his native bent, made Walt into something of a globalist. His thinking is best reflected in the new Walt Disney World resort that opened this fall in central Florida. The 43 square mile project, covering an area twice the size of Manhattan, is a Disney fiefdom. A special bill was put through the Florida legislature that gave Disney World the effective powers of a county. The Disney organization controls an improvement district and two municipalities. The state also sold a $33 million bond issue to pay for a highway linking the resort with key freeways. And the first phase of the project is being built under a "no-strike" agreement negotiated with all 17 unions involved.

Imbued with this mentality Hicks began quietly negotiating in 1963 for the private property at Mineral King. By early 1965 he had bought up 28.7 acres from 18 different parties. The land was in two parcels that essentially controlled access to the valley. One site was a 23.7-acre wash area at the foot of Empire Mountain which included remains of the old Empire Mine, stamp mill and the present-day Mineral King dump. The other was Ray Buckman's little five-acre resort complex where Walt had unwound during summer vacations. Hicks then moved five miles west to buy up the 160-acre Wells-Seaborn property at Silver City. Tying up this key parcel would have given Disney effective control of the prime private terrain at Mineral King. But the Forest Service, which had been continually restudying the ski area concept, decided to move before Hicks took control of this key access point for Disney. In March 1965 the agency issued a new prospectus inviting proposals for a $3 million development at Mineral King.

Part of the push to open bidding at this point came from a rival of Disney's, a Los Angeles stockbroker named Robert Brandt who had contributed heavily to Lyndon Johnson's 1964 presidential campaign. His wife, actress Janet Leigh, had campaigned for both Johnson and California Governor Pat Brown and was rewarded with appointments

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to Lady Bird Johnson's beautification council and the California recreation commission.

At the behest of Governor Brown, the California State Senate put an amendment on the omnibus highway bill of 1965 which opened the way to a $25 million grant for upgrading the Mineral King road into an all-weather road. The Forest Service announcement and sudden passage of the road bill killed Disney's dream of tying up the private property. The price on the Wells-Seaborn property tripled, so Hicks dropped his real estate venture and went to work putting together a bid proposal for Disney. Six bids were submitted, with Disney and Brandt the prime contenders. Although some Forest Service people preferred Brandt's bid because of its careful avalanche-planning, Disney finally won out with his $35 million package. A key factor was his good name and his connections as a naturalist and Sierra Club member, which federal officials believed would help them beat the expected objections of environmentalists.

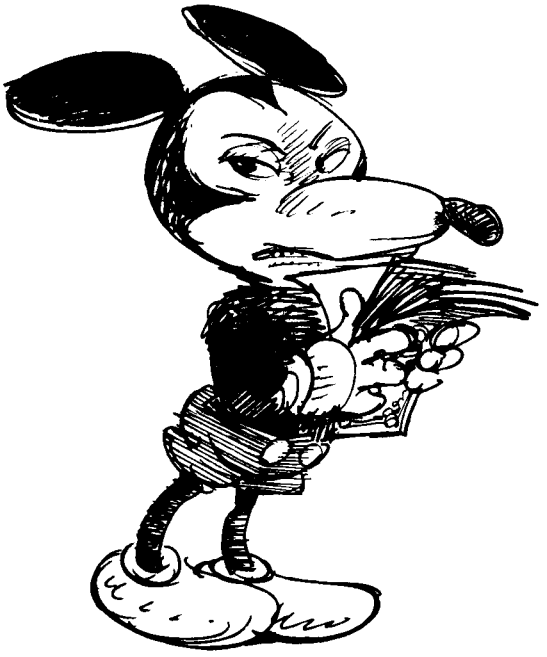
[IV]

In January 1966, Walt Disney was given a three-year preliminary permit to begin making snow surveys and to complete his development plans. This was vitally necessary since the bid proposals were drawn so hastily that they showed ski trails running uphill on Miner's Nose. The main village was sited on the Disney-owned 23.7 acres at the foot of Empire Mountain, which was a prime avalanche area. Walt continued babying along his pet project until his sudden death on December 15, 1966. Then his organization continued pushing the plan as a sort of memorial. Dave Beck, veteran mountaineer who had worked as a ski patrolman at several major California resorts, was hired by the Disney corporation to head a Mineral King snow survey project. Moving with his wife Sue into the old restaurant that had once served Ray Buckman's resort and setting up housekeeping during the winter of 1966–67, Beck spent his days climbing the mountains charting snow depth, avalanche hazards and terrain factors. With him periodically were several assistants, all experienced mountaineers.

While Beck's snow survey was going forward, however, the vital road plan was stalled. California's highway engineer J. C. Womack said the Mineral King road could be built only "at the expense of other critical (road-building) projects." He added that the use of funds set aside for other road-building projects would be ". . . very disruptive to previously approved planning and scheduling of projects in the Southern Counties" of California. But the Disney name was still magic. To get the road work going, the federal Economic Development Administration gave the California Highway Commission a $3 million grant based on the ruse that development of Mineral King was vital to the state's economy.

When Secretary of Interior Stuart Udall balked at the Forest Service plan to put the road across Sequoia National Park (noting that construction of the all-weather road would involve removal of 8 million cubic yards of soil which would scar and erode steep hillsides, with the subsequent runoff possibly undermining the root structure of giant Sequoia trees in the park), it was time for the Republicans to do their bit for Disney. The Brown administration had started the road project, but it took the Reagan administration to finish it. In exchange for trading the federal government the valuable northern Redwood acreage necessary to establish a Redwood National Park, Governor Reagan (who had received substantial financial backing from Disney in the '66 campaign) demanded that the Johnson administration override Udall. Johnson, acting through the Bureau of the Budget, agreed, and in December 1967 Udall issued a permit that allowed the road to cross Sequoia National Park.

But jubilation over the highway victory was muted by technical difficulties at Mineral King, where nature kept striking back. In its promotional literature the Disney Corporation pledged that: "Public safety considerations have been uppermost in the minds of engineers and planners involved in design and review of facility plans. Avalanche studies have been made by Forest Service specialists and by Walt Disney Productions consultants." What the press releases didn't specify, however, was the fact that these studies proved conclusively that the original village location at the foot of Empire Mountain was a call to disaster. This Disney-owned area was subject to frequent avalanches. One Disney avalanche consultant convinced the corporation to install a snow deflection barrier up on Empire Mountain. But the avalanches flew right over it. So after much soul-searching the corporation finally heeded the advice of the Forest Service and Beck, and relocated the village at a safe site down toward Monarch Creek. This was a disappointment to the accountants who knew that putting the village on Forest Service land would cost more in the form of concession fees.



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Hicks, who was now on the Disney payroll full-time, and other Disney executives made frequent winter visits by helicopter. They often brought along politicians, businessmen, and ski association leaders for a look. Dave and Sue Beck played host to the sightseers, feeding, guiding and entertaining them.

By the winter of 1968–69, Beck's snow survey was moving along well. Wally Ballenger, a former ski patrol leader at Squaw Valley, and two ski mountaineers, Randy Kletka (26) and Gary Kirk (25), stayed at Mineral King with Beck and worked periodically as Disney-paid assistants. In December of 1968, the resident Disney team began aiding the Forest Service's Mineral King specialist Pete Wyckoff on avalanche studies. Wyckoff hauled his 75 millimeter recoilless rifle to a platform on the banks of the Kaweah River, loaded it with two-pound shells and began shooting down avalanches on Empire Mountain. The shots arched 3000 feet into the air, traveling a distance of 1.5 miles, and some landed right at the boundary of the neighboring Sequoia National Park. The target practice, which was resumed on three subsequent days in December 1968 and January 1969, spawned rumors that the Forest Service had declared war on the national park. Wyckoff climbed up on the mountain and made doubly certain none of his shots travelled over the boundary.

Heavy snowfall blanketed the valley during these winter months, raising some concern in Beck's mind about avalanche dangers to himself, his wife and the three assistants. Although there hadn't been a serious avalanche at the site of their cabins in 80 years, the snowpack was mounting steadily. Beck had raised the idea of providing the snow survey team with a sturdy house at a safer location. But Hicks felt it wasn't necessary and pacified the Becks by putting indoor plumbing into their flimsy winter home.

The big snow was perfect for Hick's promotional tours and as late as the beginning of February he was showing up to have dinner with the Becks, Ballenger, Kirk and Kletka. In the second week of February, a Disney camera team came up to shoot footage for a documentary on Mineral King. Part of the work involved photographing avalanche protection work, and Randy Kletka was hired by Disney to work with the cameramen. A big snowstorm cut the shooting short, and the film people were snowbound for several days until they were finally flown out by helicopter.

On Sunday, February 23, Dave and Sue Beck went down to the San Joaquin valley town of Visalia to see the dentist, shop and go to the movies. That night a snowstorm triggered a series of tremendous avalanches. On Empire Mountain a slide hurtled over Disney's snow deflection barrier and buried the original Mineral King village site in 30 feet of snow. Directly across from Empire Mountain a slide on Miner's Ridge knocked down scores of trees and buried the valley floor in 14 feet of snow. Among the casualties in this slide was Pete Wyckoff's 75 mm recoilless rifle, which was swept off its platform into the Kaweah River. Not until the following October, when the river finally went down, was Wyckoff able to spot his rusty gun and salvage it from the riverbed.

It was the third avalanche that brought fatality. A slide off the Potato Patch Ridge spilled across the canyon and buried Ray Buckman's old resort under 14 feet of snow. Wally Ballenger, who had been staying in a cabin used by Bob Hicks during the summer, managed to kick his way out of the attic and tunnel out. But Randy Kletka did not. He had been staying at Beck's quarters, where the snow toppled the wood-burning stove, setting the house on fire, and Kletka smothered.

Unable to make phone contact with Ballenger or Kletka on Monday, Beck rented a plane and flew over Mineral King. The cabins were completely buried so, after he landed at Three Rivers, Beck notified Hicks and the Tulare County sheriff. A search party was organized and went in by helicopter. Hicks kept in touch with Dave Beck by phone and bawled him out when he learned his employee had notified the sheriff. "Don't say anything to anyone," admonished Hicks. "We'll handle everything from Burbank." The Disney executive also spoke by phone with Sue Beck: "A check for Randy is in the mail, will you hold it for me?" She agreed to do it, failing to see what was on Hicks' mind.

But when Hicks reached the Three Rivers airport his game plan became obvious. After a helicopter inspection of Mineral King, he returned to the airport to await word from the search party. When word came through that Kletka was dead, Hicks' visceral reaction was to call Disney's corporate attorneys in Burbank. After he hung up, the Mineral King project manager told Sue Beck: "I just talked to our legal department and we can't acknowledge that we knew who Randy was." Later he added: "People are going to ask you who Randy was and we will have to say we don't know him."

Hicks made no attempt to notify Kletka's family about the death. Instead he kept busy telling local reporters that he didn't know who Randy was. The ploy worked beautifully. News stories did not identify Kletka as a mountaineer who had been working for Disney. Instead he came off as an itinerant hippie who just happened to be caught in an avalanche at Mineral King.

After the fatal avalanche, Beck was *persona non grata* in the Disney organization. The mountaineer who had climbed the Mineral King peaks for three winters was treated as if he were responsible for the slide. The corporate attitude seemed to be that Beck had personally stood on top of the valley and pushed down the avalanche.

Disgusted by the experience, Beck quit. The Disney Corporation refused to reimburse him for personal possessions destroyed in the avalanche. When the snow melted that spring, Hicks elected to have the damaged buildings burned down.

Beck had to race in just ahead of the torches to save possessions left behind. The burning was carelessly done, scorching a number of trees around the cabins. When the embers died down, the rubble was hauled over to the Mineral King dump located on Disney property.

Even this rubble had a use for Bob Hicks. It made the dump even bigger and uglier, an eyesore that the Disney people promised to eliminate with their development. In tours and slide shows to civic groups, Hicks dwelled at length on this ugly spot, which he claimed was the fault of

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litterbugging campers. But he failed to mention that the dump was on Disney property or that it included Disney garbage.

The Disney men also boasted that the disastrous February 1969 avalanches had borne out the careful predictions of their snow survey team. During the summer of 1969, when Pete Wyckoff's 75 mm recoilless rifle still lay at the bottom of the Kaweah River, one company spokesman told the *New York Times*: "We know how to move snow. We can make it move when *we* want, not when *it* wants."

[v]

THE DISNEY VERSION DID NOT DECEIVE the Sierra Club, which obtained a temporary injunction against the development on July 26, 1969. Although the injunction was overturned at the appellate level, development is being held up until the entire matter was reviewed by the Supreme Court.

Sierra Club director Michael McCloskey says his organization would like to see Mineral King added to beautiful Sequoia National Park, where it should have gone in the first place. Joe Fontaine, who heads the Sierra Club chapter in the Mineral King area, believes blocking the resort is essential to salvation of the southern Sierra region. In Tehachapi, where Fontaine makes his home, American, Canadian and Philippine firms are already carving up 150 square miles into recreational subdivisions. If Mineral King goes through, virtually all suitable land in the region will be prone to similar exploitation.

On Faculty Flat the summer cabin owners are nervous too. For almost half a century families have lived better here unelectrically. In a time of smothering rhetoric about ecology, virtually all of these families have been making it without electricity, gas or hot water. But, instead of winning praise for their personal conservation efforts, they face condemnation by the Forest Service to make way for Disney, his roads and utilities. Hicks plans to use the cabins as temporary housing for his construction crews. And eventually Faculty Flat will get its own Walt Disney memorial conservation education center which will: "make every visitor aware of the importance of conservation . . . [and] the techniques utilized at Mineral King to prevent soil erosion and pollution of air, water and sound."

Jim Parks, a school principal who has summered at Mineral King for 39 years, thinks the conservation center plan is insane: "People have been getting conservation education here by themselves for decades. They don't need Disney to tell them the difference between a pine and a fir. This is the only place in California that's the same way it was when I was a kid. When they take it away, I don't know where we'll go."

Mrs. Dorothy Barboni, a Visalia widow who has spent the last 47 summers in Mineral King, feels the same way. Her porch overlooks a key trailhead and much of her day is spent giving food and drink away to the hikers who come back every summer: "We've already got smog coming up from the San Joaquin Valley. If Disney comes, Mineral King will just be a city. Just another city."

The backpackers are facetious about the resort plan. At the end of a day's climb, they joke about the summer tourists that will come to Disney's resort, ride the lifts up the mountains with their backpacks and then walk down. In Disney's world that will be considered roughing it.

And while the Forest Service tries to push through the Disney project, camping opportunities are dwindling. Not a single dime was appropriated for new Forest Service campgrounds in California during fiscal 1971-72. Jim James, the Sequoia National Forest Supervisor, says two prime Ranger districts at the southern end of the Sierra may soon be completely closed to camping on undeveloped sites: "I think the day when camping on undeveloped sites in California national forests is terminated may not be too far in coming. We're already thinking about a reservation system for the campsites."

So while the federal government and the Sierra Club fight Mineral King out in Washington, Bob Hicks and the Disney team wait quietly in the wings. In Burbank, where Bob Hicks is spending the waiting period designing an airport for the Florida project, all seems calm and confident. The company has charged all its $1 million Mineral King development costs off its taxes. In the five years since Walt's death, his corporate heirs have pushed annual profits up from $12.3 million to a record $21.8 million. That's the best of any studio in Hollywood, where most of the competition is in the red and some are out auctioning off old props to stay alive. Disney's movies, roadshows, Mickey Mouse apparel, and amusement park are all hitting new peaks. And the company estimates the new Florida project will net $20 million annually within a few years, equal to the entire corporate profit of 1970.

Things have never been better. It's easy to see why the corporate philosophy hasn't changed, why the streets of Disney's Burbank lot retain names like Snow White Boulevard and Dopey Drive. The films stay safely in the banalities of humanoid Volkswagens that get involved with Edsels, hippie mailmen and the Mafia. Disneyland's young park staff continues to wear the shortest hair in Southern California outside the Hare Krishna movement. And *"One Nation Under God,* an inspiring story of America's freedom" at the Florida project, features nothing less than robotized replicas of all 36 presidents of the United States.

Shortly before Walt opened Disneyland, a group of social workers were taken on a tour and one asked their guide: "Will there be discounts for underprivileged children?" The guide replied: "Not in Mr. Disney's lifetime." Nor in the lifetime of his corporation. For all its sanctimoniousness and sentimentality, Walt Disney Productions is every bit as greedy and self-centered as U.S. Steel or Dow Chemical. The beautiful old nature films of the '50s are the illusion; the reality is the determination to use all the corporation's considerable good will and political clout to stage a takeover via the U.S. Forest Service at Mineral King. It is the end to all our childhood fantasies: Mickey Mouse and Smokey the Bear conspiring to tear up the wilderness.

Roger Rapoport is a California-based writer and author of a new study of the American nuclear weapons program titled, The Great American Bomb Machine *(E. P. Dutton).*

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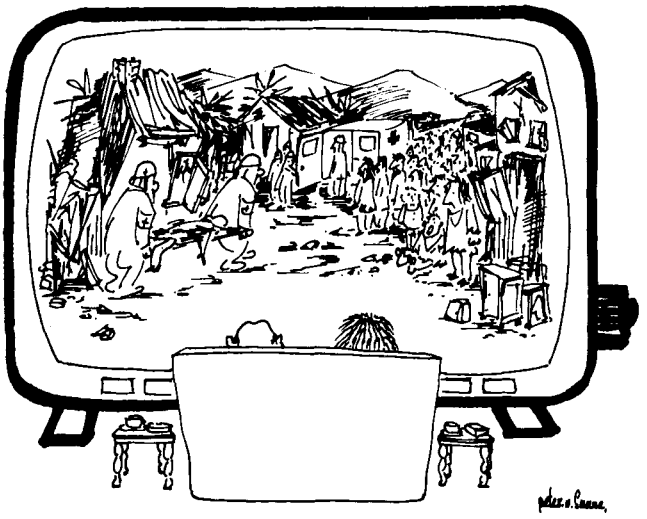
The Strange Economics of the Vietnam War



"Vietnam has not been destroyed by the war. Indeed, in some respects it has been strengthened: it is true that large numbers of its citizens have been displaced from their homes, but others have acquired new skills which will be valuable to the growing economy in the post-war period; it is true that serious damage has been done to some parts of the country's infrastructure, notably the roads, railroads, and a major power installation, but none of this is irreparable, it is in fact being repaired, and other infrastructural facilities, particularly posts and airfields, have been expanded during the war to an extent which will be more than adequate for peacetime use. Vietnam has practically no foreign debt, and does have substantial reserves of foreign exchange. There are grounds for encouragement in these circumstances. . . ."
—U.S.-Vietnam Joint Development Group

THESE REMARKS BY DAVID LILIENTHAL—dean of America's corporate mop-up crew in Vietnam and special advisor on post-war development—seem so grotesque and bizarre as to suggest the ramblings of a madman. It has always been accepted that wars are profitable for the munitions makers, but who has had the temerity to argue bounty to the victims? Yet Lilienthal, former *eminence gris* of the TVA and ex-chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, is by no means mad; he is rather one of the foremost exponents of old-fashioned, liberal *realpolitik,* and his words reflect one of the prime realities of the war in Indochina. Vietnam has been a special war in more than one sense. Contrary to the imperial pattern, it has been a war to *create* economic opportunity rather than merely to seize existing resources and treasure.

Anguished commentators have written countless volumes searching for an explanation for this "quicksand war" as one French scholar named it. But all the rationales have seemed peculiarly inadequate, constructed of simplistic theories of economic or military conquest compounded by the cruelest forms of human destruction. Only when a hitherto unexplored relationship between these elements is brought to light, does the notion of a quicksand war take on its full meaning. For in the course of the West's long domination of Vietnam, there has grown up a striking symbiosis between compulsive capital development and a necessary military protection force. Largely because the Vietnamese resistance has never agreed to surrender, the French and Americans have always been forced to underwrite the business interests in Indochina with massive military programs. Yet the irony through it all has been that, in the

by Banning Garrett

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process of protecting existing investments, our joint military presence has continuously created an even larger investment platform. The foundations for military adventures themselves turned to gold, thereby enlarging the entire apparatus, requiring more armed protection, and further expansion in a seemingly infinite geometric progression. Under Nixon's Vietnamization program the United States is entering a new stage in that progression which, seen in the context of the escalating historical pattern, takes on truly chilling dimensions. Originally French interest in Vietnam was primarily strategic: they wanted to control the Indochina peninsula as a trade route to China. But to consolidate control, the French had first to establish an administrative apparatus to govern the countryside, where 90 percent of the population lived—a task necessitated both to secure possible future investments and to collect the taxes required to finance the administration. However, from their first days on Vietnamese soil, the French met with armed resistance, and political administration had to be underwritten by military control. Although the French succeeded in pacifying the population for certain periods, they never won the loyalty of the Vietnamese peasants. So, throughout the 75 years of their rule, the French were confronted with the recurrent problem of asserting police and military control over the countryside.

The Vietnamese railroads are a paradigm of how an invisible chain links political and military tactics to a larger economic strategy. Built to aid in military pacification of the countryside, they took an incredible cost in Vietnamese lives: more than 25,000 of the 80,000 Vietnamese and Chinese employed in building one 300 mile stretch of railroad died during construction. But not only did Vietnamese people die building this rail network, they also paid for much of the construction cost and for the continual operating deficit. Although fares were too high for the peasants and handicraft producers to use it, the rail system extended French economic involvement even further. Not only did they put capital into the railroads themselves, but they also were enabled to reach out into the rural areas, where they began to invest heavily in plantations and mining operations. When the peasants and workers rebelled, the colonial administration used the railroads built by Vietnamese labor to move troops and supplies against the insurgents. Thus, the infrastructure built for military purposes was used also for economic exploitation; which produced "insurgency"; which led to the further use and extension of the infrastructure for military purposes. To complete this juggernaut, as the military and economic domination grew, a larger colonial administration had to be built to insure political stability on the one hand and to facilitate more far-reaching economic "development" on the other.

To finance its colonial effort, the French administration levied a head tax on the peasants and built monopolies of salt, alcohol, and opium. When the peasants attempted to bootleg the proscribed commodities, they ran into the police and the network of informers enforcing the monopoly. Then to reinforce their grip on the rural areas, the French built roads, canals and communication networks in addition to the railroads. That of course necessitated constructing a larger colonial administrative apparatus from the remnants of the feudal bureaucracy. The tragic process that enfolded would be repeated over and over again in the next decades: railroads (and capital investment) leading to exploitive taxes fermenting popular revolt and requiring larger administrative machinery which can only be protected by an ever larger military presence. Yet along with (if somewhat obscured by) the growth of military infrastructure was a steadily improving investment opportunity for non-military capital. Increasing marginal return necessitated an increasingly large presence in Indochina and eventually massive disruption of Vietnamese economy and culture.

IN PRE-COLONIAL TIMES, THE MONARCHY had always forbidden rice export, either storing the surplus or sending it to deficit regions of the northern and central parts of the country. But the French wanted to capitalize on the "large and quick" profits to be made in exporting rice to China and Japan, to win over the feudal elite, and to offer economic opportunities to French entrepreneurs, soldiers, and officials. As a result, the colonial administration gave away lands the peasants had temporarily abandoned and opened new lands to rice cultivation through vast hydraulic irrigation systems and canals. Instead of improving agricultural technique or mechanizing agriculture, the landowners simply increased the portion they took of the peasant's crop.

The new export opportunities led to land speculation and increasing concentration of landholding by French and Vietnamese landlords. Peasants whose lands were not confiscated outright were eventually forced to sell by the tax and credit structures. Under the French system, the peasants were forced to pay taxes individually and in cash, whereas previously they had always paid in kind as a collective village unit. Often unable to earn enough cash, they had to borrow from money-lenders and landlords who would often demand more than 100 percent interest on seasonal loans, foreclose on their lands when the peasants failed to pay, and then charge 50 to 75 percent of the peasants' crop as rent. By 1930, due to credit foreclosures, colonists had come to own nearly a fifth of all cultivated land in Vietnam; 2.5 percent of the landowners owned 45 percent of the land in Cochin China, and more than 60 percent of the peasants had become landless sharecroppers.

At the same time the French were "modernizing" Vietnam's economy through investment and its society through hand-picking a colonial elite. They were thus tearing the culture's traditional equilibrium asunder in order to transform it into a major center for agricultural exports.

As landholdings became more concentrated, not only did the French exacerbate inequalities within the village, but the lands were increasingly owned by absentee landlords or plantation owners who, though they had no links within the village, still had tremendous power over the village economy. To maintain their dominance over the majority of the rural population, the French had to extend their political control inside the village rather than merely to its gate. To do so, they tried to make the village headman

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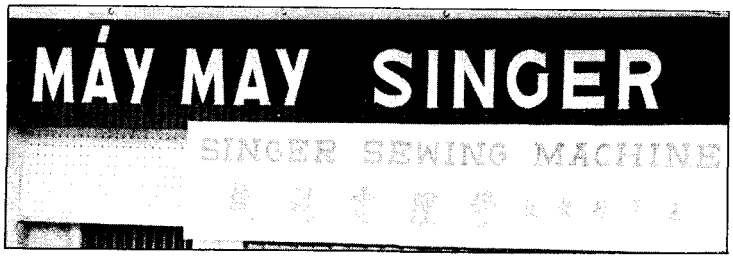

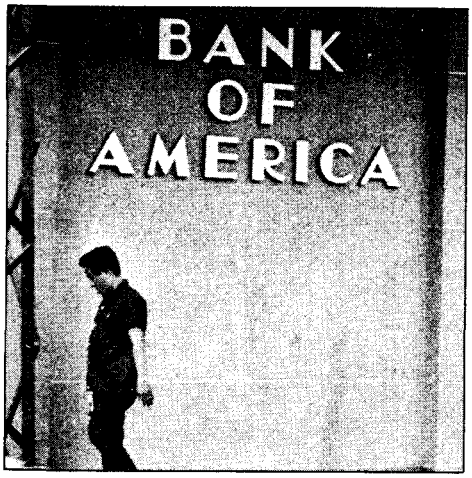

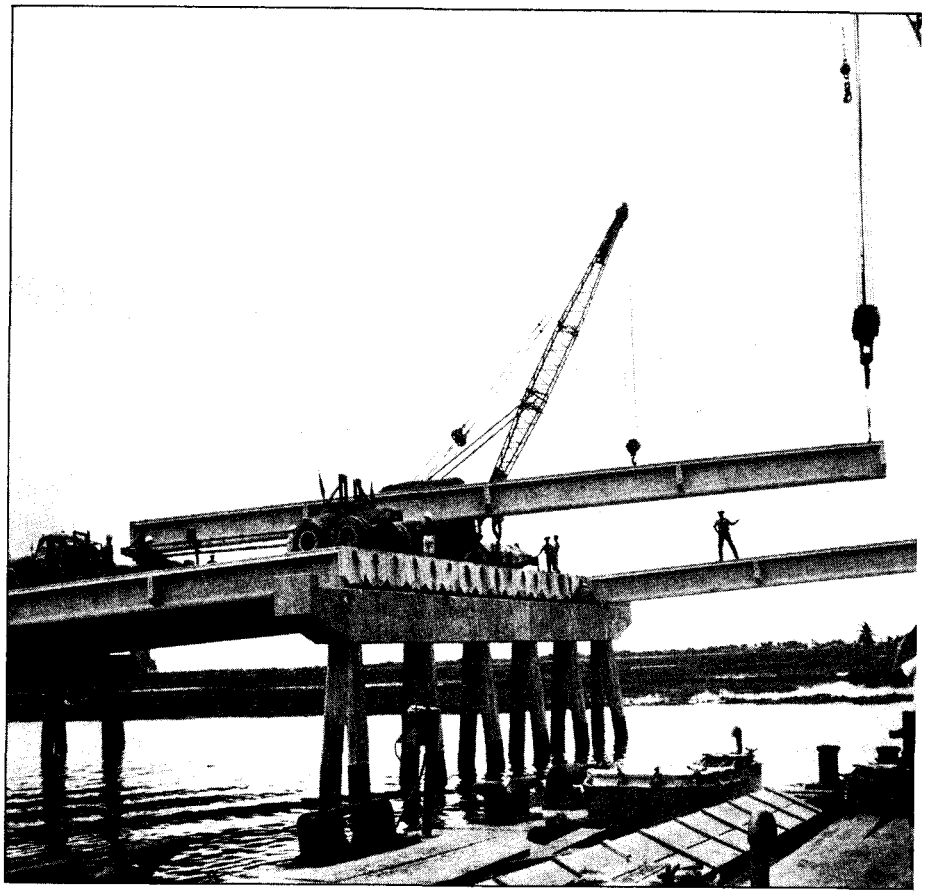

the representative of the administration rather than of the villagers—establishing a pattern which is a continuing feature in South Vietnam under the Americans.

At the same time the continual flow of peasants to cities, factories, mines, and plantations in search of work threatened the cultural life of the villages. Poverty and unemployment and the resulting exodus combined to undermine village unity and culture and to thoroughly atomize the society. This result was neither an accident nor a crass diabolical tactic to exploit the Vietnamese. Rather it was perhaps the first experiment in forced urbanization, the administrative planners' analogue to the whole history of capitalist industrial development in the West. The process of community disintegration and societal construction—or nation building, as American social scientists would fondly put it—which took several hundred years in Europe was compressed into a matter of a few decades in Vietnam. For the French could only maintain their high level of investment return by so reconstructing Vietnamese society, and it was this assault upon the very foundation of their lives which gave rise to Vietnamese resistance.

The Viet Minh were most successful where they were able to tap the traditional solidarity and interlacing organizations of the village to build the revolutionary movement: "The use of customary village patterns and symbols allowed the Viet Minh to build a bridge between past and present, rather than severing its links to the past," writes anthropologist Eric Wolf. The French success in controlling and using the most atomized sections of the population posed major difficulties to revolutionaries organizing peasants in such areas as Cochin China, where village life had suffered major disintegration. In part, the peasants fought to *conserve* their society threatened with disintegration; but they also fought, for the first time in all their resistance wars, to liberate themselves from domestic feudalism as well as from the colonizers.

When the Japanese were defeated in 1945, the Viet Minh emerged from underground all over Vietnam, took control of virtually every village and city, north to south, and established an independent Vietnam. But the French, unwilling to relinquish their lucrative if troublesome colony, returned with American backing and began a nine-year war to re-establish military control and once again to try to integrate the rural areas into the urban-dominated colonial economy. It was too late, however, for the Vietnamese peasants had built a revolutionary movement, capable of

Photographs by Ed Dasen, center left photo by G. Macrae/FPG

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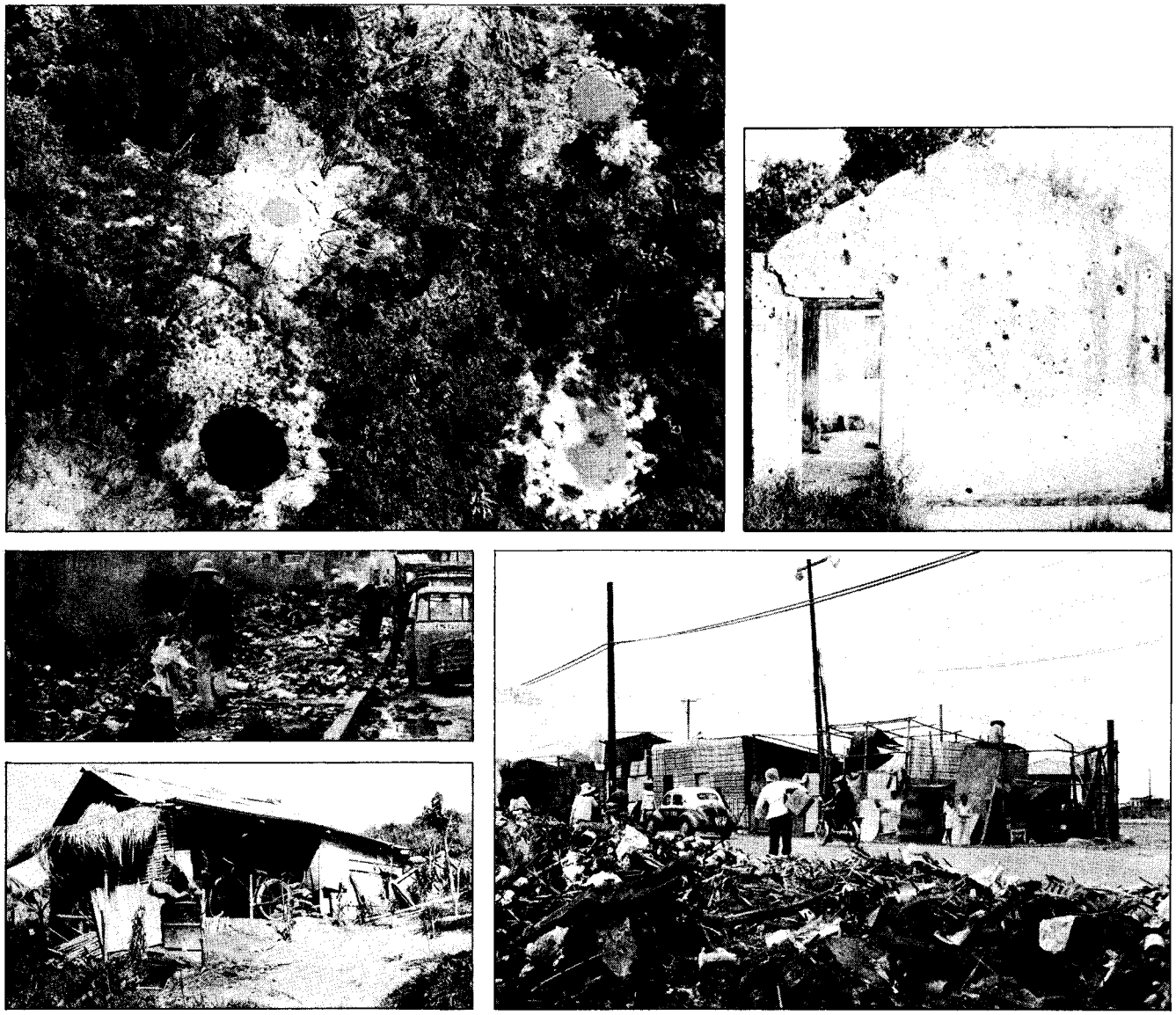

mobilizing millions of peasants to defeat the technologically superior enemy, bringing the French to defeat at Dien Bien Phu, liberating the North, and thus setting the stage for the entrance of the United States.

Since then the basis of the U.S. failures has always been the inability of the Saigon regime to wrench control of the rural areas away from the resistance fighters. To break through their continual failures, the American strategists were in effect forced to emulate their French predecessors, recapitulating the old railroad paradigm; i.e., deploying a massive military apparatus which brings with it far-reaching economic consequences. Translated into the terms of the 1960s, the result was Lyndon Johnson's air war and massive invasion of troops. The rationale of the new strategy was articulated by Henry Kissinger's SEADAG advisor and Harvard professor, Samuel P. Huntington. In lieu of Saigon's ability to extend its control to the villages, Huntington argued, the "American-sponsored urban revolution," i.e., the refugee flight from bombing, has brought the rural population to the cities. Furthermore, this process of "forced urbanization" is merely the acceleration of the process of "modernization" of Vietnam. Indeed, from 1965 to 1968 alone, the urban population increased from 15 to 50 percent (and is now 60 percent). Huntington hopes that "forced urbanization," produced by the "direct application of mechanical and conventional power" (bombs, artillery, napalm, defoliation, and gun-point round-ups), will undermine the NLF's rural revolution, allowing history to "pass the Viet Cong by." By urbanizing the society, Huntington argues, the U.S. will have taken Vietnam out of the historical stage of its "development" where it is susceptible to "Maoist" rural revolution.

THE "AMERICAN-SPONSORED URBAN revolution" is designed to leave the surviving population demoralized, disorganized, and amenable to police-state domination on the one hand, and to political manipulation on the other. And, indeed, this has often been the result of "forced urbanization." At a recent war crimes conference in Oslo, journalist Don Luce, who was recently banned from Vietnam by the Saigon government after 13 years there, testified that, "Basically what has happened is that the old people, the women and children, are moved into these refugee camps or around the air bases and in the city slums. And before they are moved the family has

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worked together. Each person has his own role. The little children watch the buffalo, later they begin to help their fathers to plow. The girls and the women plant the rice, and all work together. As they move into the city slums and around the air bases and so on, the only work that's available to them is for the old women to wash the military uniforms of the foreign soldiers, the young women to work in the bars and brothels, and the children to sell peanuts, shine shoes, pimp for the foreign soldiers—so that you get a tearing apart of the whole family structure."

This "forced urbanization" has created new problems for the U.S., which must now figure out how to control the cities. Luce testified that from 1970 to 1971 the U.S. increased its aid to the Saigon government police from 20.9 to 30 million dollars, and the number of police has been increased from 16,000 in 1963 to 100,000 at present. And there are "*at least* 100,000 political prisoners of the Saigon regime in South Vietnam. Some estimates go as high as 400,000."

Through it all the U.S. has managed to maintain military control of the cities. And this strategy of "forced urbanization" has done with bombs, artillery, defoliation, and gunpoint round-ups what has traditionally been done with enclosures, famine, and rural unemployment. In fact, the U.S. war has accelerated the process of capitalist economic development by building a "modern" infrastructure, by creating a potentially large supply of cheap and skilled labor through urbanization (much of that potential manpower is currently employed in the million-man Saigon army), and by creating an urban, consumer-oriented society.

As far back as 1966, *Fortune* noted that "a South Vietnam preserved from Communism has the potential to become one of the richest nations in Southeast Asia." For foreign investors particularly, "Industry, in fact, is on a new wave of expansion, prompted by soaring demand for its products and by lush profit margins that make it possible to recoup an investment in two or four years." Not only has American business recognized the potential uses of the infrastructure being built in Vietnam, but even five years ago it foresaw the need for post-war planning: "It is not a bit too early for the U.S., which has sent some of its finest military minds to the Vietnam war, to send eminent experts on agriculture, transportation, education and industry to prepare plans for South Vietnam's post-war economic development." And they also foresaw that "even as the war continues, the projections developed in such studies could be an important psychological weapon against the Vietcong." With appropriate timing, President Johnson commissioned a study for post-war development of Vietnam following the Manila Conference that year. The Commission, headed by former TVA chairman David Lilienthal, released its findings and recommendations in a three-volume report to President Nixon in the spring of 1969.

Lilienthal spoke of the potential riches of Vietnam in May 1968: "The Mekong Delta in Vietnam and Cambodia is the most valuable piece of real estate that exists in the world. It can be made vastly more productive with modern techniques, of course." In his official report, Lilienthal foresaw a two- or three-year reconstruction period of modest growth followed by a slightly higher increase in GNP over a "development period" lasting to the end of the decade. Although the country would remain primarily agricultural, industry would expand at a faster rate, and the key to growth would be rapid expansion of exports.

This new-found prosperity depends of course on foreign aid—some $2.5 billion of it over the next 10 years, much of which will flow to U.S. contractors for rebuilding the infrastructure. But this is just the beginning. A major part of the new infrastructure would be dedicated to waging the Green Revolution, or the propagation of miracle-grain rice through capital-intensive agriculture. Under controlled conditions the miracle-grains can double, triple or even quadruple production from the same land, but to realize those quotas, precise irrigation and extensive use of fertilizers and pesticides are required. So it goes that the Green Revolution offers big profits to contractors who must build the storage dams, flood control levees, irrigation and drainage canals, and pumping stations necessary to regulate water flow. Foreign investors and bankers get their cut too, for the Green Revolution depends on greatly increased sources of credit to the farmers for seed, fertilizers and equipment, on new systems for distribution of these inputs to the farmers, and on enlarged systems for storage and marketing all the hallmarks of American agribusiness. Not only would large holdings be preserved for plantation model agriculture or agribusiness, but the "Green Revolution" capital investment requirements would tend to force the poorer peasants to sell their land, since only the richer farmers could afford the fertilizers and other equipment necessary for growing the miracle grains. Once again, concentration of landholding would increase and more and more peasants would be forced to become rural proletarians, working for foreign or domestic agribusiness. Lilienthal concedes that land reform may be "socially and politically desirable," but concludes that it may not be "practical."

One of Lilienthal's model modernization projects is already underway in the Central Highlands, offering an ominous preview of things to come. There the Montagnards, who are considered incapable of "full exploitation, in the national interest, of the region's resources in soil, water, and forests," are being run out to make way for large plantations. Hugh Manke, director of the International Voluntary Service in Vietnam, testified April 22, 1971 before the Kennedy Subcommittee on Refugees, that "the activities being undertaken by the Government of Vietnam with regard to the ethnic minorities [Montagnards] in the Highlands provinces . . . are painfully reminiscent of the activities of American pioneers with regard to the Indian tribes. . . ." Manke reports a conversation with a captain working on pacification of the Montagnards, who said candidly: "[They] have to realize that they are expendable." Manke went on to explain that "the Lilienthal-Thuc report, which cost the American Government thousands and thousands of dollars [$2 million, in fact], specifies that post-war development in Vietnam depends in part, upon the development of the highland area. The highland area, according to the Lilienthal-Thuc report, can be developed much better by the Vietnamese than the indigenous population, namely, the Montagnards."

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WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THOSE urbanized peasants who don't return to the countryside as cheap Green Revolution labor? A Japanese economist, Masataka Ohta, provides an answer. "From the viewpoint of labor quality, the South Vietnamese people are deemed superior to the inhabitants of adjacent nations." Furthermore, in his survey of Vietnamese potential for Japanese business, Ohta notes that "the greatest attraction for foreign interests in investing in Vietnam is without doubt a sufficient supply of cheap labor. Therefore, since an increase in such foreign enterprises would gradually bring a decline in available labor supply, particular consideration should be given [in post-war planning] to ensuring an adequate supply of high-quality and inexpensive labor, which does not quit easily."

There are obstacles in Vietnamese law, however, which could interfere with successful exploitation of the new workers created by the "American-sponsored urban revolution." The Lilienthal Report notes that:

"One potential problem in attracting foreign investment is Article 22 of the Constitution of Vietnam, which states that 'workers have the right to choose representatives *to participate in the management of business enterprises*, especially in matters concerning wages and conditions of work.' As it is commonly interpreted, and from the point of view of potential foreign investors, this provision indicates a highly undesirable relationship between management and labor. Management must have the right and ability to make decisions on production levels, competitive pricing, capital investment, production methods, and so forth, all of which affect labor directly or indirectly. To ensure that this constitutional provision does not frighten off needed foreign (and for that matter domestic) investment, it should be made clear in the required implementing legislation that labor has the right to organize and bargain collectively with management to influence management decisions, but not the right of direct participation in those management decisions."

Lilienthal admits there may be some enemies to this new unbounded progress: "Understandably, after 20 years of war, during the last few years of which large numbers of foreigners have become prominent and influential in the country, various forms of xenophobia have appeared, inspired by a sense of nationalism and pride of culture. In the economic field, this has created a preference for . . . the public sector to assume responsibility over wide areas of economic activity and exercise tight controls over the private sector, and for direct controls rather than competitive market processes. . . . It is clear, even now, that Vietnam cannot successfully make the transition to a peaceful footing if such autarchic policies are dominant in its economy. Ultimately, they meet neither the need for efficiency in the use of resources nor the requirements of social justice."

But the Indochinese war has not gone according to plan, and these schemes are no exception. One critic of the Lilienthal Report is Al Williams, former White House staffer now at the Rand Corporation. Although the outlines of the report are sound, he argues, it was based on the assumption of a decisive U.S. victory. But, as the 1968 Tet Offensive demonstrated, such an outright victory is extremely unlikely. Furthermore, Williams argues (and his thinking probably closely reflects that of the White House), a realistic negotiated settlement now would, at best, leave the ultimate outcome of the war uncertain, and hence undesirable for foreign investors. Consequently, the environment for economic development will not derive from a negotiated settlement, but rather from a "continued" winding down of the war during the first half of the '70s, one which "would not be very different from the present one." Williams sees a far more heavily strained Saigon government than Lilienthal envisioned, which is forced to devote even more of its energies to military problems, leaving far fewer resources for public domestic development. As a result, more responsibility for development will rest with private enterprise, mainly foreign.

A confidential report for the Asian Development Bank by Columbia University's Emile Benoit (see page 40 for more details) concurs with Williams but predicts a *de facto* victory of Saigon "over Hanoi" by 1973, with a return to low-level insurgency by the NLF, and continued U.S. military presence after 1975. In fact, a U.S.-bolstered economy could be a political weapon against the rural-based NLF.

(The report prepared by the Asian Development Bank, of which Benoit's section on Vietnam is only one part, also calls for the development of birth control programs, because, "Too large a population could become a serious element of political instability. . . ." And on the question of unemployment, the "experts" say that an army of young people heading for a filled work market, "can add to the dangerous social and political tensions in the cities and contribute to making the political situation unstable.")

These more recent evaluations of America's strategic interest in Vietnam further underscore the fact that the Nixon Doctrine is in no way designed to "wind down" U.S. involvement there. Quite the contrary, they reveal that Vietnamization is just the latest scheme in an historic gambit to safeguard existing political and economic stakes so that they will not have been made in vain. Nixon's quandry, thus, has become like that of the French before him: what the military has caused to be built, Shell and Caltex and sundry construction consortia will not relinquish; nor will the powerful men who give Richard Nixon his political existence permit him to give it up. After all, the waging of war brought forth the growth in Vietnam's capital plant, and recent political and military victories by the Vietnamese resistance have made it only too clear how difficult it will be to hold on to that investment without a military shield. And so once more, in a dance that seems to know no finale, the plan to pacify the Vietnamese people through "economic development" proceeds apace, with the grim prospect of an even more brutal, armed, "protective reaction" lurking just beneath the surface.

RAMPARTS' *Asia Editor Banning Garrett is a member of the Pacific Studies Center at 1963 University Avenue, Palo Alto, California. PSC's journal* Pacific Research and World Empire Telegram *will publish a more detailed and documented version of this article.* *Thanks go to Meredith Dodge for research assistance.*

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There's a Toyota in Their Future?

JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN may well replace American GIs as the struggle for Indochina enters what is euphemistically called the post-war economic development phase.

The U.S. has various economic game plans for post-war Vietnam. But as a practical matter Japanese businessmen, already active in South Vietnam, seem more likely to influence the direction of economic development. They are less interested in the vague regional plans advanced by the U.S. than in abundant supplies of cheap Vietnamese laborers who can be put to work making televisions and cars for sale in the U.S., Europe or Australia. In all likelihood the Japanese will become important trading partners for both North and South Vietnam; and thus their presence in the South at this point is more tenable than that of, say, American executives. The Japanese could become the vehicle for American investment.

The U.S. has several studies for post-war economic development, either completed or in progress. The best known is the Thuc-Lilienthal report of 1969; it virtually assumes the U.S. will win. The report believes the war actually helped South Vietnam: "Physical destruction is minimal . . . and the economic wealth of the country has increased." As proof, the report cites the network of airports, ports, and highways, all built by the military, and notes the rise of the army as a skilled labor force.

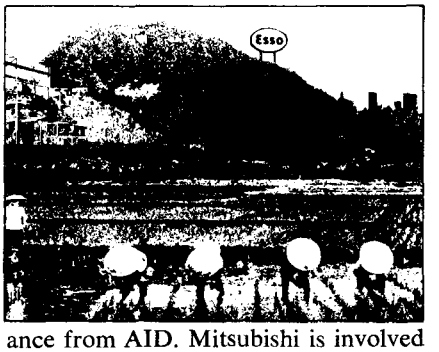
This report has been widely criticized: The U.S. is not the victor. Agricultural development may not be possible on the wide scale envisioned because the U.S. military has poisoned the crop and forest lands. The rice markets are glutted; more intensive rice farming could lead to wide unemployment.

A more recent study made in 1970 by the Asian Development Bank, Manila, includes less optimistic assumptions about the war by Emile Benoit, the Columbia University business professor. Benoit's work is of interest because it seems to mirror the views of the Nixon government. Benoit predicts hostilities will end in 1973, without a treaty and because of Hanoi's decision to withdraw. The war will diminish to a low-level insurgency. A force of 25,000 U.S. "volunteers" will remain in the country along with a few thousand troops. Under the Vietnamization program, most of the U.S. military apparatus will have been transferred to the South Vietnamese army. A high level of military preparedness will remain; hostilities could break out at any time.

Under these circumstances the major post-war economic problem will be the maintenance of the South Vietnamese army, created in imitation of the lavish U.S. military. Already one of the largest armies in the world, the South Vietnamese military machine dominates the shaky economy, and probably will demand more as it becomes firmly established. In effect, the army is the state; its maintenance as a satrap of the Pentagon is unavoidable, and ensures long-term economic crisis. One way out would be to change the army around, relying more heavily on the people's defense forces, or engaging in "civic action" programs. But the prospects for such a change don't seem encouraging.

Andrew Cordier, dean of Columbia's School of International Affairs, is leading another study, commissioned by the State Department and entitled "Possible Role of the U.N. and other International Organizations in the Economic Rehabilitation of Vietnam." Probably the best-known member of Cordier's research team is Arthur Smithies, the Harvard economist who achieved notoriety as a CIA consultant on Vietnam. Smithies worked with Ithiel deSola Pool, the MIT propaganda expert, on pacification schemes in Saigon during the mid-1960s. Pool also is a long-time CIA consultant. Pool himself was to be a member of a Tufts University study group on Vietnam. The leaders of that group were to be Edmund A. Gullion, former U.S. ambassador to the Congo, and Kenneth T. Young, former ambassador to Thailand. Announcement of the group's formation caused a row at Tufts and, at any rate, Columbia got the contract.

As all the economic studies point out, South Vietnam's greatest asset is not its agriculture, but its abundant supply of cheap, dependable workers. As a result, the scenario for post-war economic development seems almost inevitable: the populace can be employed making goods for export in order to earn the foreign exchange to support the military state. On a small scale Japanese, French and American companies with Asian operations are beginning to use South Vietnam as they have Taiwan, South Korea and Indonesia, for assembling goods which then can be shipped on to other markets. Thus, Toyota and Citroen have assembly lines. According to the South Vietnamese government, Ford proposes to establish a truck assembly plant at the Bien Hoa industrial park. It would employ 250 workers; all parts would be imported, and Ford requests the right to repatriate all profits. If this project goes through, Ford will receive assistance from AID. Mitsubishi is involved in a small venture which manufactures farm equipment and fishing boat motors for export to Cambodia and Laos. Two other Japanese companies have plans for farm machinery factories. Renault and Nissan propose to establish assembly plants.



The Japanese also provided credits towards building a thermal power sta-

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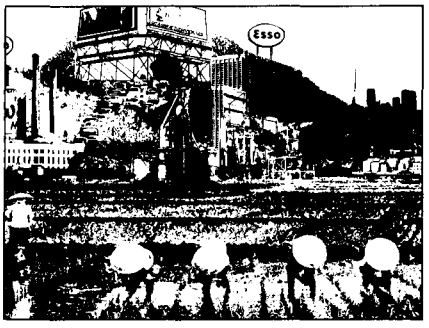
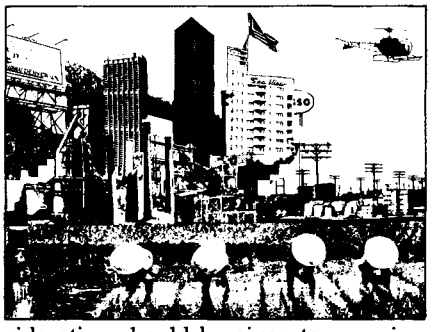
tion outside Saigon and are studying the possibility of extending credits for irrigation projects, along with expansion of the Saigon telephone and water works systems. Air Vietnam, which is on the verge of going out of business, hopes to persuade the Japanese to come in as investors. And a variety of Japanese electronic companies, including Sony, maintain assembly lines in South Vietnam.

The Far Eastern Economic Review recently reported considerable Japanese activity at Qui Nhon in Binh Dinh province, keystone of the central provinces and still a contested zone. The Japanese are laying engineering plans for a large hydroelectric project which can provide energy for irrigation and an industrial center. They talk about the timber potential, grazing land for thousands of head of beef cattle, and a Toyota plant.

Of the American companies, Foremost-McKesson, the dairy products concern, is regarded as the most successful. Its sales are mostly to the military; AID claims profits are 15 percent. Reynolds Tobacco is hoping to manufacture cigarettes in South Vietnam. AID, which is promoting that venture, says the Vietnamese have acquired a taste for Winstons and Salems. Universal Foods wants to establish a yeast plant. Johnson International owns 10 percent of a textile operation. Kaiser Cement, a subsidiary of Kaiser Industries, is investigating the cement business.





WHILE THE SAIGON ECONOMY looks pretty bad to most businessmen, AID officials are nonetheless cheerful about the future. They insist foreign involvement in Vietnam actually helped speed up the development process. In 1961 there was little but fishing and farming. Now there are many different industries, including plastics, cement, paper and pulp. Education and health care are better than they were in 1960. Says one enthusiastic official, "These things don't hit the papers. There's been a lot of killing. No one likes that, but you can find fault with anything if you pick, pick, pick."

A recent report by Japan's Federation of Economic Organizations urged the Japanese government to become more deeply involved in South Vietnam before hostilities cease in order to get the jump on competitors. The Japanese study endorses a Vietnamese proposal to establish a "free zone" at Cam Ranh Bay. Free zones are popular in Asia. The idea is to promote industrialization and boost exports by giving foreign business ventures special preferential treatment. Cam Ranh Bay is thought to be the perfect place for a free zone because it is a large, modern port, has plenty of electricity and a labor force centered around the military base. As the military pulls out, business can employ the laborers at the post as well as refugees and former Vietnamese soldiers. The Japanese study says Vietnamese labor is superior to that of adjacent nations, although per capita income is rather high, and wages may seem excessive. The study concludes, "The greatest attraction for foreign interests in investing in Vietnam is without doubt a sufficient supply of cheap labor. Therefore, since an increase in such foreign enterprises would gradually bring a decline in available labor supply, particular consideration should be given to ensuring an adequate supply of high quality and inexpensive labor which does not quit easily."

If oil were in fact discovered off the South Vietnamese coast, even in small quantities, it clearly would have a profound effect on the country, and quite probably on the Vietnamization program. A variety of international companies, including the Japanese, have indicated interest in bidding. The companies have run several surveys of the coastal areas, and presumably aren't altogether mad. According to Gloria Emerson's reports in the *New York Times,* the French who have offshore concessions in neighboring Cambodia sought to persuade the South Vietnamese to let them oversee the bidding procedures, but when the U.S. oilmen protested through the deputy U.S. ambassador, the Thieu regime turned down the French proposal. American oilmen apparently believe there is oil offshore South Vietnam, but are worried lest the Communists take over. Emerson quotes one of them as saying, "But look, if there ever is a coalition government in South Vietnam, the Communists won't tolerate Americans looking for oil, even offshore but they might accept the Japanese or the French."

In July, the U.S. announced it was building 16 radar sites for surveillance of ship movements along the South Vietnamese coast and plans to give the radar installations to the South Vietnamese navy. The purpose was to stop infiltration, but as a U.S. advisor added, the system had a "multitude of purposes." Nine of the sixteen sites span an area in which U.S. and Japanese companies are expected to bid for offshore oil rights.

Whether or not there are large amounts of oil may be beside the point. The major companies not only want oil for themselves, but as Michael Tanzer, the oil economist, points out, they may also want to prevent others from getting it, thereby threatening their control over prices. To maintain their high price structures, the international companies not only will want to get the oil, but then to maintain the concession-granting government. In the case of South Vietnam, the large military apparatus provides a sizeable market for oil, which is now mostly supplied by Jersey Standard and the Royal Dutch Shell group. Jersey Standard has plans to expand its refinery in South Vietnam, and it could add a fertilizer plant. In order to protect their ventures, the American oilmen may form joint ventures with the Japanese, a usual procedure elsewhere in Southeast Asia. —JAMES RIDGEWAY

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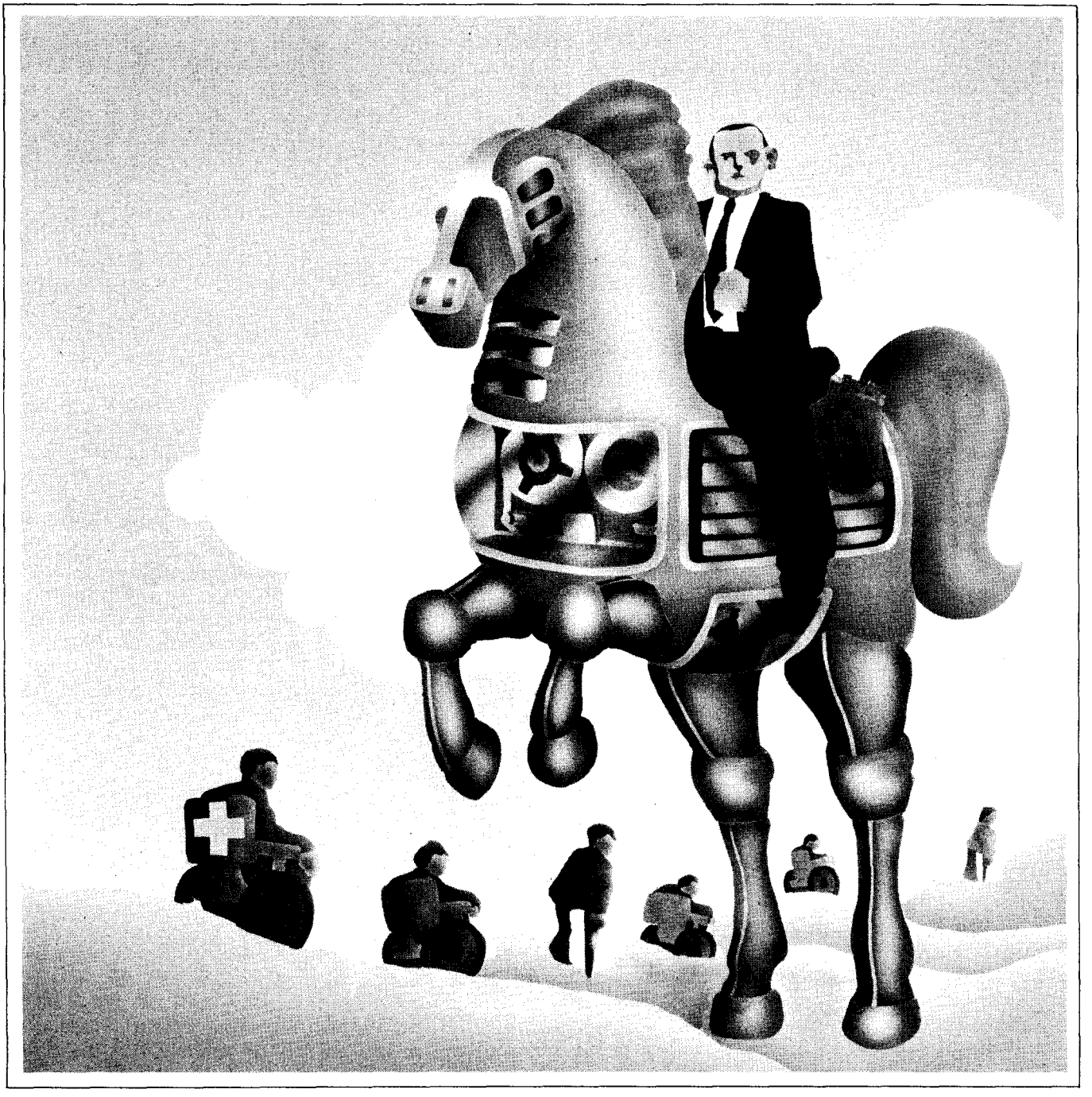
H. ROSS PEROT: AMERICA'S FIRST WELFARE BILLIONAIRE



Illustrations By Tony Dubovsky

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YOUR ORDINARY, HAM-HANDED, shirt-sleeved Dallas billionaire rose out of the interminable vastness of the Texas steppes on a wild-cat gusher of crude oil or a gigantic blast of natural gas. His private *Weltanschauung*, somewhat to the right of Charlemagne, emerged out of the confrontation between his native cracker barrel and the Internal Revenue Code. And with his generous benefactions he has kept the political stage crowded with such Texas bravos as former Governor Allan Shivers, General Edwin L. Walker, John Connally and LBJ.

Dallas' most recent addition to its financial Pantheon, 41-year-old H. Ross Perot, tries not to fit the image too precisely. The founder of the fabulously successful computer software company, Electronic Data Systems (EDS), is a small man with big ears. He wears suits, white shirts, wing-tip shoes and a 1950s style crew cut. With his earnest smile and operations research vocabulary, Perot could easily be mistaken for the supervisor of a computer division in some medium-sized company—which is exactly what he was only five years ago. It's hard to realize that Perot—whose physiognomy and manner suggest busy Rabbit in Winnie-the-Pooh, more than H. L. Hunt—has compiled a personal fortune estimated as high as $1 billion.

The staggering fortune, greater than Henry Ford's or David Rockefeller's, his sense of humor (everyone likes a billionaire who can laugh), his recent Wall Street coup against the DuPonts and efforts to bring home U.S. POWs from Hanoi, have all earned him extensive press coverage. *Fortune* has featured him twice—"The Fastest Richest Texan Ever" and "Ross Perot Moves on Wall Street—" and the *New York Times Magazine* carried a moving tribute ("H. Ross Perot Pays His Dues") to an unaffected billionaire who wears off-the-rack suits and eats cheeseburgers; the kind of man whose sincerity inspires women to say things like "I'd love that man if he didn't have a penny"; a philanthropist who helps poor black folks in Dallas; "a surprisingly modest man" who has no political ambitions and who even fights against politics arising in his own company. But what *Fortune* and the *New York Times* left out of the stories is more interesting than what they put in. Because somehow they neglected to ask the central question: where does Perot's money come from? Or, how did he make a billion dollars in five years?

The answer, drawn from interviews with Perot's former employees and from outraged lower-echelon employees of the Social Security Administration (SSA), is that the prime sources of Perot's revenues are state and federal welfare funds and the Medicare program. Through a special relationship with Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans, Perot has won subcontracts to administer Medicare and Medicaid in 11 states, including 4 out of 5 of the biggest revenue producers. Perot's charges just for electronic data processing now represent the second largest item on the Medicare administrative (Part B) budget. So lucrative are these contracts that in the last two years EDS' profit has averaged nearly 40 percent!

Fortune's kindly benefactor of the Dallas ghetto is simultaneously responsible for the racist purge of black employees in his company's largest operations division. And the *New York Times'* "surprisingly modest man" operates as an absolute dictator and petty marinet, enforcing company dress and behavior regulations so rigidly that in the San Francisco Bay Area, EDS executives are frequently called the "Southern fascists." But it's the methods he's used to crack open the welfare fund barrel together with the way he's been able to penetrate the multi-billion dollar Medicare Golconda that constitute the real story of Ross Perot. While the national pogrom against "welfare abuse" is reaching an hysterical pitch, Perot's company has been profiteering remorselessly. Both California welfare officials and Blue Shield executives involved with his firm appear to have been guilty of serious conflicts of interest. Investigations of Perot's activities are now underway in both the California Assembly and in secret executive session of the House Intergovernmental Relations Subcommittee. These undisclosed chapters in the Ross Perot story, one of the financial epics of our time, give us a more complete measure of the man than the public relations jobs done thus far, and an insight into the appalling state of federal and state welfare and health care programs in America today.

[THE RISE OF ROSS]

THE PRE-HISTORY OF THE ROSS PEROT saga spans the five years before he landed his first Medicare gusher in 1966. Prior to that contract, Perot was just a 36-year-old wildcat software salesman running around Dallas buying spare computer time on corporate IBM machines and selling it to other companies that needed computer software work done for them. He'd quit IBM in 1961 to found his own company, and cushioned the income jolt by running the Texas Blue Shield computer department on a part-time basis. (Perot first got acquainted with Texas Blue Shield officials as a salesman, servicing the account for IBM.)

For his fledgling Electronic Data Systems it was just one dry hole after another during those first five years. Perot got a dribble in the form of an initial $250,000 contract with the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO). But nothing further developed and the contract was scrapped. So by 1965, EDS was still basically a moonlight operation for a small group of former Dallas IBMers—an observation that has to be modified by Vice President Tom Marquez' recollection that "we had to have two full years' salary in the bank to work for Ross," at the time. Still, the entire company's sales amounted to less than half a million dollars. Profits were only about three percent of the scrawny revenues.

Then came the enactment of Medicare and Medicaid in 1965. The Social Security Administration gave Texas Blue Shield a contract to develop a computerized system for paying the Medicare bills. Perot's exact relationship with Texas Blue Shield at that time is still a point of current controversy. Perot himself says he was working part-time for Texas Blue Shield and part-time for EDS, and that he quit Blue Shield when that organization gave him a subcontract to take over their data processing on the new Medicare program, using of course the system just devel-

by Robert Fitch

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oped at government expense. What's clear is that the $250,000 seed money provided by the Social Security Administration must be one of the worst investments it has made in its entire bureaucratic history. Because not only did Perot appropriate what was essentially a government system developed at government expense; he's been selling it back to the government at fantastic rates ever since.

HOW PEROT WAS ABLE TO SPLIT OFF from Texas Blue Shield and found his own company—why Texas Blue Shield let him get away with it—becomes clearer when we take a look at the role of James Aston, who was a very influential Blue Shield director at the time. Aston also headed the Republic National Bank of Dallas, the city's largest, with deposits now of $2.6 billion. Aston was so eager to lend Perot the money to take over Texas Blue Shield's Medicare data processing that he pressured other Blue Shield executives to sign a formal contract with Perot which could be used as collateral for the bank. There was apparently some reluctance to formalize the agreement with Perot on the part of some of these officials because of the inquiries they were receiving about their peculiar Medicare arrangement from lower-echelon SSA staff.

While the Aston-Perot relationship is now getting its full airing only in secret sessions of the Intergovernmental Relations Subcommittee, this much is likely: in return for the loan to Perot, Aston helped the Republic National Bank to a piece of the EDS action in the form of stock in the company. It wouldn't have paid Aston just to lend the money to Texas Blue Shield. Blue Shield is a non-profit organization that doesn't issue stock. It would have paid back the loan and that would have been the end of it. But by lending to a profit-making corporation, the bank may still be getting returns on the loan fifty years from now.

By splitting off from Texas Blue Shield, keeping the government-developed system, and getting the Republic National Bank loan, Perot founded his own mini-Welfare-Industrial Complex. As EDS prospered, so did the relationship with Aston. The bank chairman became chairman of Texas Blue Shield and a power in the politics of organized medicine; Perot became a billionaire and a director of Aston's Republic National Bank, and perhaps OEO's most successful alumnus.

In the last five years, EDS has grown to the point where the company has Medicare or Medicaid contracts all over the country and is doing business at the rate of 100 million dollars a year. Its stock sells at over one hundred times earnings, indicating that Wall Street expects the Welfare-Industrial Complex to broaden its base still further. All this success has created a serious contradiction, however, between normal Texas braggadocio and a well-founded *embarras de richesses*. Very simply Perot is in a bind. In order to push up the price of his stock, he has to prate about how much money he is making and expects to make in the future. But if he tells how he does it—i.e., by sweetheart relationships with the state welfare departments, the SSA, and Blue Shield—he'll be criticized for profiteering from these organizations. He could talk about his revenues from ordinary profit-making corporations, but these appear to be rather minimal, and anyway EDS has difficulty holding its contracts with non-governmental enterprises. Three Dallas companies that have signed on with Perot—Keebler Co., Collins Radio, and Pepsico—have all quit using EDS' software services for one reason or the other.

So company officials simply refuse to identify EDS' main source of revenues. Nor will they divulge the name of any of the company's corporate clients. "If we gave that kind of information out," said company Vice President Tom Marquez, "our clients would have a bunch of security analysts bothering them all the time asking about us." Looking at EDS annual reports or the company's filing with the Securities and Exchange Commission is no more revealing. We find out only that:

"During the year ended June 30, 1970 EDS derived substantially all of its revenues through contracts with 1) health care institutions, 2) insurance companies, 3) banking and other financial institutions and 4) consumer product companies."

This is highly misleading. It gives the impression that EDS sells its computer software services primarily to private profit-making corporations. This is what most people suppose, even in the financial community. The truth is, even though EDS denies it, that almost all the company's revenue is funneled through Blue Cross and Blue Shield either on their standard business or on a subcontract basis with the government.

These highly decentralized, non-profit, tax-exempt "service" organizations, "The Blues," are an EDP subcontractor's dream, enrolling 90 million customers in their private health insurance business. And as the main contractors on the Medicare and Medicaid programs, they deal with another 30 million Americans. All this creates forests of paper work; mountains of data to be moved electronically and ground up into "information" and stored; millions upon millions of claims to be processed; dozens of complex systems to be designed; hundreds of programs to be written.

[BLUE TANGLE]

AS THE PRIME MEDICARE AND MEDICAID contractors, "The Blues" wield tremendous power over the American health care system—power that's delegated to them by the Social Security Administration. Practically speaking it's The Blues that wind up deciding how much doctors, hospitals, pharmacists and nursing home operators can charge for their services to the poor and aged. As "fiscal intermediaries" for the SSA, The Blues process the hospitals' and doctors' claims for payment and mail out their checks using federal and state welfare funds. They're also supposed to monitor the quality of care dealt out by health care providers, supposedly seeing to it that poor patients get "mainstream" care.

But more and more, The Blues—especially Blue Shield—delegate to private profit-making companies like EDS many of their functions. And nothing promotes profit-making more than the very Medicare provisions designed to exclude it. For while the law forbids the intermediaries—prime contractors like Blue Shield—from making profits (all The Blues' government business is supposed to be done on a

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no profit-no loss basis) it's ambiguous on the subject of *sub*-contractors. This creates a nice loophole that has surrounded some especially lucrative contracts, both for EDS and for the eight big accounting firms that The Blues are allowed to hire to check themselves out.

Not surprisingly The Blues have developed a "What, me worry?" attitude to their escalating Medicare and Medicaid administrative costs. Because no matter how much companies like EDS charge them, they know they'll be reimbursed by state welfare departments or by the Social Security Administration. So in The Blues, old country boy Perot, the son of a skilled horsetrader, has found a model customer: the big dumb city kid with a rich uncle who always stands ready to bail him out of his financial problems.

In Baltimore, at uncle's SSA headquarters, top Medicare officials are concerned with larger matters than how many millions in profits companies like EDS make from contracts with the government's prime contractors, The Blues. As a spokesman said recently, "We're not interested in profits. Just costs." And in Washington, at the Social and Rehabilitation Service, where responsibility for Medicaid rests, there's no one keeping track of federal matching money that winds up in EDS' profit column. "It's impossible to break those figures out," they say.

Questions of legality and propriety aside, this attitude has helped Ross Perot build a billion-dollar fortune. It gives him the incentive and the leeway he needs to write contract after contract with the Blue Shield and Blue Cross plans around the country. In eleven states, including four out of five states with the largest Medicare "business," EDS has established itself—California, New York, Pennsylvania and Texas. EDS' Medicaid business in California, Texas and Indiana make it America's largest poverty subcontractor. The rest of the software companies have been left scrambling for bits and pieces in the smaller, less profitable states.

Perot signed his biggest contract of all in California, with California Blue Shield in September 1969. Nearly a third of all EDS revenues now result from this deal. It turned over to EDS the data processing for Medicare and Medicaid as well as Blue Shield's standard business. It's also in California where the company's standard operating procedure—numbing conformity, obsessive racism and high level conflicts of interest—has created the biggest scandal. Taking advantage of Blue Shield's paper-work crisis, Perot stepped in with an offer to take over complete facilities management. The price was staggering but Blue Shield didn't have to pay all of it. The state of California was picking up the tab. The state, in the person of Carel Mulder, chief of California's Department of Health Care Services, approved the EDS subcontract with Blue Shield. A few months later, Mulder went to work for EDS as a consultant.

But it's not only the way EDS got the Blue Shield contract that's under attack. It's the whole relationship that enables a profit-making company to gorge itself on state welfare funds from a contract that's supposed to be let on a non-profit basis.

Headed by an ex-Marine provost marshal whose main qualification appears to be his military deportment, California Blue Shield (CBS) was having trouble administering federal health programs after Medicare and Medicaid legislation was enacted in the mid-'60s. Then Perot stepped in. In the last two years, EDS' effect on CBS is reminiscent of the potion Alice drank in Wonderland: the more you drink the smaller you get. EDS has seen in its contract with CBS an excellent incentive for converting manual work to computer work, so EDS systems designers set to work thinking up new ways to eliminate the Blue Shield workers, and replace them with EDS computers. At present, although CBS is the prime contractor for Medi-Cal (the name by which the federal Medicaid program goes in California), 42 percent of all the administrative costs of the Medi-Cal welfare program go to Perot. Increasingly Perot finds himself involved not only in running EDS, but also Medi-Cal and California Blue Shield. As many former top and middle level CBS managers have found out, if you push EDS the wrong way, it pushes back with unlimited muscle.

H. Ross Perot

Wide World Photos

[BILKING THE BLUES]

IT'S HARDLY POSSIBLE THOUGH that Perot could do a worse job running CBS than the present regime—a politburo of physicians drawn chiefly from the Board of Directors of the California Medical Association (California's division of the AMA). In the last two years, CBS dissipated nearly all its reserves—over 19 million dollars. It's been forced to "withhold" 5 percent from the pay-

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ments it makes to doctors in an attempt to stem the cash outflow. Of all the many Blue Shield plans in financial difficulty, CBS' problems are considered to be the most serious by the National Association of Blue Shield Plans. Doctors would desert the plan if their fees were cut. At least this is what happened when Michigan Blue Shield tried it last year. For physician fees—the proud sanctity of their present levels, their sturdy independence from any controls, and their inherent right to reach ever loftier levels—is what CBS is all about.

Here CBS remains consistent with its origins and development, not as a part of the consumer movement, but as part of the anti-consumer movement. As Robert Eiler's history of The Blues, published by the Huebner Foundation for Insurance Education, explains, "California Blue Shield Service [was] organized by the California Medical Association in 1939 to counteract proposed state health insurance legislation." CBS set its premiums low to attract people with incomes below $3000. But after the health reform scare blew over, doctors opted out of the plan, premiums were jacked up and benefits cut. At the time, the California Medical Association would have preferred not to have a prepaid health insurance plan at all. But if there was going to be one, CMA wanted to make sure organized medicine would control it. Otherwise, "lay" people would have a big say in what doctors would charge patients.

The same motive underlies CBS' participation in Medicare and Medicaid. Like the other state divisions of Blue Shield and Blue Cross, CBS first opposed health insurance reform. But when passage appeared assured, the line was changed. Since the plans were inevitable, CBS wanted to control Medicare and Medicaid. Not only was its self-interest as an insurance organization at stake, so was the whole structure of doctors' fees. The law said that the fiscal intermediaries who administered the plans would determine doctors' "customary and prevailing" fees. And pay them this amount. But the law also allowed organized medicine to choose who it wanted to be the intermediaries. To the surprise of absolutely no one, the California Medical Association decided on California Blue Shield. And the bonanza began.

"Customary and prevailing" fees for the various services and procedures needed by Medicare patients as determined by CBS became not the lowest or even the medium-range fee. It was the highest one the doctors had been allowed to charge, and then some. In 1968, for example, the Senate Finance Committee determined that the *maximum* fee CBS had been allowing doctors to charge for a hernia operation under private Blue Shield plans was $492. As fiscal intermediary on the Medicare program, however, CBS let the doctors bill the government an *average* of $510 for the same operation. The doctors' fee ceiling was transformed into a floor, the Committee charged, costing the taxpayer "additional hundreds of millions of dollars." The hernia was spread over the entire tax-paying population. In California, during 1968, one doctor pulled in over $117,000 on his Medicare patients alone. Several Medicaid specialists did even better, one doctor billing the state welfare department $152,458 for Medicaid and the federal government $3997 for his Medicare patients.

California's doctors, in other words, got a big cash injection under the "socialist" health measures they had fought so vigorously; but there was a fairly large bubble in the syringe. CBS was poorly equipped to handle the avalanche of doctors' claims that the Medicare and Medicaid bonanza generated. Like the leadership of other Blue Shield plans, its management's strong suit was politics, not operations. If it is able to handle the California legislature like successful doctors handle wealthy widows with vague complaints, effective claims processing and analysis have remained beyond its capacity. Almost as soon as Medicare and Medicaid went into effect, an enormous backlog of claims began to build up. Sometimes it took several months to get a single claim paid. Some doctors weren't getting paid at all; others were getting paid three or four times for the same operation.

Typically, a doctor would submit a claim for an operation. When his government check failed to arrive in the return mail, he billed the government again and again. Slowly but surely CBS got around to paying each claim. Over 90 percent of those receiving duplicate claims kept the money, causing government auditors to estimate that duplicate payments by CBS were costing the taxpayer a minimum of $350,000 per month.

According to a former national Blue Cross Association executive who toured CBS operations during the period of turmoil, fear was rampant within CBS officialdom that the organization's lousy performance would lose them the Medicare contract. "Blue Shield was looking for a saviour," he recalled, "and Ross Perot was able to trade in on this."

IT'S TRUE THAT CBS WAS a rather abject sinner that needed saving. But there were several other potential software messiahs. Indecon, a Chicago-based software company, had been handling a small part of Blue Shield's Medicare business quite adequately. It was one obvious choice, and there were others. CBS could have gotten estimates from them, but management never asked for bids, despite the fact it was giving away part of a federal contract. "It was just a 'wired contract,' " said one software executive familiar with CBS operations.

The whole process of negotiations between Perot's EDS and California Blue Shield took several months, although the result was a foregone conclusion. (CBS, it's been charged, gave EDS the contract even before getting a specific per-claim cost estimate.) As rumors of the EDS take-over began to filter down to the middle management level, considerable resistance began to develop. The Dallas company carried a mean reputation for anal conformity in the application of dress codes and personal appearance standards. And the long hours it forced employees to work without overtime pay were notorious in the software field. EDS wasn't interested in winning popularity contests however—except the one on the Big Board. It didn't make much difference that middle management and CBS' computer chief, Vice President Robert Koch, opposed the EDS take-over. Ross Perot was dealing at the top with the directors CBS—men like Chairman Anderson, Bank of America Vice President Harold Furst, Don Muchmore and Mr. Gene Pigg. President Thomas Paton caught the proper degree of

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enthusiasm and tried somewhat unsuccessfully to transmit it all the way down the chain-of-command. With Vice President for Finance William Terminello there was no problem. He was sold on EDS from the beginning. Just when and why Terminello backed EDS the way he did is a controversial point among ex-EDS and CBS employees. Several have charged that Terminello did more than simply back EDS' take-over of the EDP business for CBS. It's said that he favored it against his own company when the two had dealings with each other. According to a former CBS employee now working for a San Francisco insurance company who says he fears Ross Perot's retaliation if he makes his charge publicly, Terminello allowed CBS to sell microfilm cartridges to EDS for 75 cents apiece and then turned around and bought them back for $1.25. When the disadvantage to CBS was pointed out to Terminello in the form of a report, Terminello passed the information back to EDS complete with the names of the CBS employees who drafted it. Fingered in this way, participating in compiling of the microfilm report became evidence of "anti-EDS" sentiments and speeded their departure when EDS eventually took over. Finally, Terminello had the offending microfilm report redrafted so that the details of the exchange were effectively obscured.

Another count against Terminello on the same charge of favoring EDS over Blue Shield is that he is supposed to have turned over the company inventory to EDS without proper controls. CBS was left in the position of having to take EDS' corporate word for all CBS supplies it received—there were no dual controls. Failure to set them up allegedly cost CBS a lot of its inventory. In a telephone interview, Terminello denied all the specific allegations made against him. He also parried the charge that he favored EDS against CBS because he had a financial interest in EDS. "Prove it!" he shouted. "A guy from GAO said the same thing. And the burden of the charge is on him. It's still his bag. So I'll say to you what I told him: 'If you print it, I'll sue.'" Because GAO's charges against Terminello have not yet been made public, Terminello was asked to identify the GAO man who made the accusation, but he refused.

Whatever Blue Shield may have lost to EDS in inventory losses or over the microfilm deal was just a rehearsal for the big eight-year Medi-Cal contract. Here, however, the real loser wasn't California Blue Shield, because all of CBS' costs on its Medi-Cal business can be passed on to the California taxpayer. And one of the worst features of the CBS-EDS deal is that it fixes EDP costs on the basis of CBS' horrendous 1966–69 performance: the same level of ineptitude that forced CBS to seek outside help. During this period it cost CBS about 70 cents per claim to process its Medi-Cal business. And it's at this rate that EDS has contracted to take over CBS' claims processing business. EDS, of course, a specialized computer software company, has Medicaid business in other states and can afford to process the claims much more cheaply than 70 cents per claim. California state auditors estimate that it costs EDS about 28 cents per claim to process CBS Medi-Cal business. The difference between 70 cents and 28 cents is EDS' profit. As the Medi-Cal claims volume grows larger and as EDS personnel and programs become more efficient, EDS' costs can be expected to drop further. But since EDS' contract runs until 1978, the state of California won't benefit from any of these savings.

One reason the state got such a bad deal is that it opted out of the negotiations between EDS and CBS. Certainly the state ought to have been a party to the talks. It was the state's money that was involved, after all, since the state welfare department reimburses CBS for all its costs in running Medi-Cal. Here in fact is a contract which in 1970 involved 42 percent of all Medi-Cal's administrative costs and yet Governor Reagan's administration—which has been notoriously outspoken on welfare costs—played no role in negotiating it! Several months went by before it even received the Department of Health Care Services' approval. And by July 1970, several million dollars in state funds had been passed on to EDS.

Carel Mulder, as head of the state's Department of Health Care Services, was the man who let the EDS-CBS contract go forward without asserting the state's interest. Then he went to work for Perot in 1970. First he said he was just a part-time consultant; now he is working full time. For his part, Perot is sorry that his employee is being subjected to what he feels are unfair attacks. "We're not getting hurt by all this," he says. "Carel Mulder got hurt. And I regret it. Frankly, the whole California investigation has been a puzzle to me. Someone recommended an employee to me and I hired him. It was just one of those offhand things. The California Attorney General investigated and it didn't find anything. There was no evidence of wrongdoing. And here was a man about to retire. A man with tremendous qualifications—a man who's worked in government for thirty years and he gets attacked. I really don't understand it. Because he even removed himself from the negotiations. He could have stuck his toe in the water a bit. But he didn't; he just removed himself from the negotiations completely." Mulder's aloofness on the EDS contract is the whole issue. By withdrawing from the negotiations on the Medi-Cal contract, the state lost its chief advocate and EDS, in effect, gained a silent partner.

[EDS UND ORDNUNG]

THE ACTUAL TRANSFER OF THE DATA processing operations from CBS to EDS seemed like the beginning of a military occupation. For weeks the rumors of the take-over churned through CBS headquarters, but the timing of the actual announcement took most employees by surprise. An announcement came over the public address system to report to the company cafeteria. Higher salaried employees were grouped on one side of the room; lower salaried ones on the other. And then "men appeared in dark suits" to explain *die neue Ordnung*. "We were told," recalled a former woman employee, "that EDS had taken over and that we were all working for them. The dress code was explained. No facial hair, beards, mustaches, they all had to go. If you didn't go along there was no place for you. Either you signed the new contract by the next day or you had to leave the premises. Immediately. There wasn't even an arrangement for personal property. You couldn't go back to your desk and get your personal articles. And

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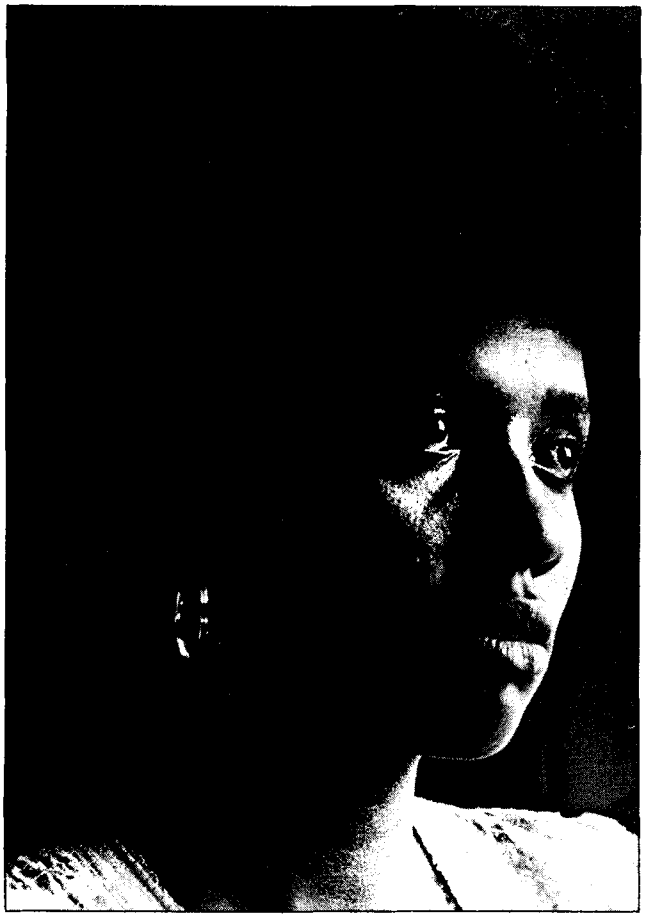
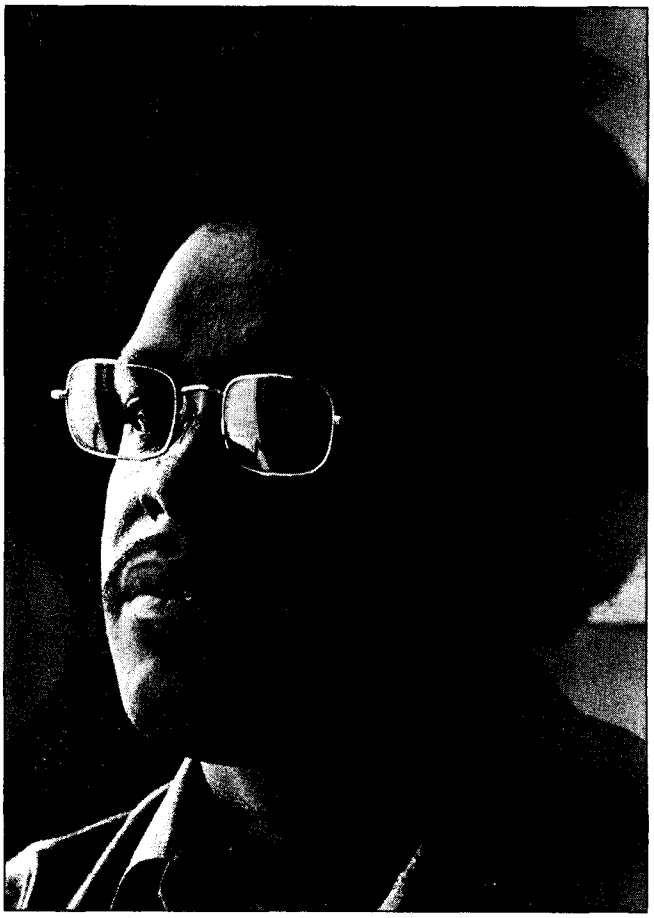


Janice Phillips, Computer Operator



Hardy Green, Operations Analyst

Blacks Fired from EDS

all the time they had a security guard thrown around the computers—I guess to prevent sabotage. Believe me, from that day on I started looking for another job. And it kept going downhill; anyone who even discussed salaries got fired. It was just like a concentration camp. They ruled by fear."

Probably the workers most bitter about the EDS takeover were CBS' blacks who worked in the operations department. They charge EDS with carrying out a systematic reduction of black employees. Since EDS took over, more than half the blacks in the department have been fired. The only black production supervisor has been demoted to a computer operator. And the only black woman computer operator was first demoted to a clerical position, then fired.

When EDS took over the operations department, Hardy Green was one of over twenty blacks working there; he had recently been promoted to operations analyst by Blue Shield. The trivial pretext EDS used to fire him last July, Green feels, is typical of the methods EDS used to achieve greater racial homogeneity among its work force. The issue involved the correct placement of some old computer manuals. One of Green's responsibilities under EDS was to maintain the Honeywell manuals left over after EDS switched to IBM 360s. One Wednesday morning, Green arrived early at EDS' Beach Street office in San Francisco. He went to the cafeteria for coffee, where he was joined by his supervisor Louis Crumpler. They discussed where the Honeywell manuals should be stored. Green thought he should keep them in his area for reference. Crumpler disagreed. He thought they should be taken out of Green's area. Crumpler ended the discussion by telling another employee to remove the manuals from Green's area immediately. "He turned to me," as Green recalls the incident, "pointing a finger at me and he said, 'That will be enough.' About eleven A.M. the same morning Crumpler and I talked about the matter in private and the basis of the meeting was that he was the boss. I said I understood his position and I assumed the matter was settled. But the next day I was called to Supervisor Bud Watson's office. Crumpler was there too. Watson opened the meeting by saying, 'Hardy, about that incident in the cafeteria yesterday.' 'I thought it was all settled yesterday,' I told him. 'Do you think I can let an incident that serious go by like that?' Then he told me he would have to terminate me from the company."

The incident was so petty that taken together with the systematic reductions of EDS' black workers in the computer department, Green feels justified in making the charge of racism. Because EDS not only fires blacks on trivial pretexts, it doesn't hire qualified blacks either. Before he was fired, Green had at least one opportunity to watch EDS hiring practices from the inside. He was placed on an EDS interview board and asked to rate the prospective employees. "It was a team interview—there were about four of us involved. We interviewed three men. One was white, one was Chinese and one was black. They each had practically identical qualifications. Only one was hired though. The white guy."

For their part, EDS officials deny categorically that the

Photographs by Elihu Blotnick

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company is guilty of racism. They admit that EDS has lost a few Unemployment Insurance Appeals Board hearings, but they imply that this is because the referees are biased in favor of the employees. "There was a case in San Francisco," one EDS executive allowed, "involving a guy who slept on the job. The referee ruled that we had no right to fire him because we'd never told him *not* to sleep on the job." Tom Marquez, an EDS director who deals with the public—security analysts and reporters—thinks the matter is simply ridiculous. "EDS a racist company? How could it be? I've just been appointed to the Equal Opportunity Commission!"

In a rambling two-hour interview carried out in his gigantic executive office, furnished in American motel, Perot shrugged off all the hostile criticism of EDS' California operation. "Our guys did the impossible. Everyone thought the California job was impossible. 'Too bad about EDS,' they said. 'Should have never taken it on.' They thought it was too tough for us. But our guys worked seven days a week. In ninety days we had the entire situation turned around. The real truth of the matter is that the men who did this work are being criticized for performing a work of art. And this is what disturbs me. Because this criticism denies them of part of their legitimate compensation."

Nor does Ross Perot feel that the state of California has any right to examine his accounts. "IBM is the world's largest natural monopoly. It's selling millions of dollars in computer hardware to California. And it doesn't have to tell the state what its costs are," Perot says in response to criticism. Besides, Perot says, like IBM, EDS does keep its books open to the federal government. And as long as EDS has to compete with IBM, why should it be more open than its chief rival?

As arrogant and as self-righteous as all this sounds, what gives Perot's triumphal march through the golden state its most unpleasant undertones is that it takes place against a background of increasing misery for those who are putatively at least the real beneficiaries of Medicare and Medicaid—the poor and the aged. As millions of dollars in Medicare and Medicaid funds are diverted to EDS' Dallas skyscraper in Exchange Park, monthly Medicare premiums paid by the elderly are being raised and allowable services cut back. Governor Reagan's Medi-Cal cutbacks deprive needy asthmatic children of specialized nursing care; welfare recipients are forced to gum their food because they can't get false teeth; poor people are denied "elective" surgery; and last Christmas Eve, nursing home operators "protested" the Governor's 10 percent reduction in their allowances by kicking out their Medi-Cal patients.

[CONTROLLING POVERTY]

IT'S DIFFICULT TO TAP STATE and federal treasuries as brazenly as Perot has done without attracting two serious liabilities—government investigators and business competitors. In California two Assembly Committees are investigating the legality and the desirability of the state's subcontract relationship with EDS. A report by the Joint Legislative Audit Committee raises the possibility that the state might take the Medi-Cal business away from EDS and give it to IBM, which has formed an axis with the Occidental Insurance Company in an effort to get the business. IBM claims it can outperform EDS with a cheaper, more powerful system, one that would give the state more controls (partially perhaps because the state would own the system, buying it along with a considerable quantity of IBM hardware for an as yet undisclosed price). Then IBM would supply the state with software services on a cost-plus-fee basis.

The House Intergovernmental Relations Subcommittee headed by L. H. Fountain of North Carolina is carrying on an investigation of EDS' operations in the eleven states in which the company has Medicare or Medicaid contracts. The investigation is being carried out for the most part in secret executive session, but the experience is likely to be a trying one for Perot nonetheless. The committee's chief investigator James Naughton commands formidable attention in Texas business circles too—as the man who exposed Billy Sol Estes.

Naughton's investigation is likely to focus on possible conflicts of interest in the triangular relationship between James Aston's Republic National Bank, Perot's EDS and Texas Blue Shield, which Perot and Aston share between them. The Republic National Bank-Blue Shield connection is oiled with several interlocks between the Bank and Blue Shield's profit-making subsidiary Group Life and Health. Meanwhile Texas Blue Shield maintains deposits at the Republic National Bank. Should the deposits turn out to be as large and as interest-free as Naughton discovered in last year's investigation of Washington, D. C. Blue Shield and National Savings and Trust Co., it will provide further evidence of which elements in the community benefit from Blue Cross' "community service" approach to health care. But the possibility that congressional criticism could stop the continued passage of triangular trade between EDS, the Republic National Bank and Texas Blue Cross seems a bit remote. EDS and Texas Blue Cross have been criticized by congressional committees before with no observable repercussions. And on a state level it would take a full-scale social revolution to dislodge Blue Cross from control of Medicare. As long as that control remains in the hands of Aston and the Republic National Bank group, Perot's Texas business seems as safe as a gray suit in an EDS tape library.

Several threats to EDS' control of Medicare-Medicaid EDP appear on a national level. First there is McDonnell Douglas, which is turning from the fading Apollo program to federal health programs in an effort to revive its fortunes. McDonnell has spun off a subsidiary, "McAuto," that contracts with the Social Security Administration to provide a "model system" for any Medicare carrier that feels incapable of performing electronic data processing on an "in-house" basis. So far the McDonnell Douglas model system is being used in Medicare programs in eleven states.

The second threat comes from the fact that all EDS government contracts are with Blue Cross and—mainly—Blue Shield, both of which are under increasing fire. For some reason, EDS has never gotten a contract with a commercial Medicare carrier. Perhaps this is intentional. Commercial insurance companies, like Prudential or Continental, can't be dealt with quite as flexibly as state-wide Blue Shield

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plans. It's difficult to imagine that Prudential, for instance, with reserves of billions of dollars, would let itself get involved in the kind of contract that California Blue Shield did, which by this writing may not have any reserves at all. So given this special relationship with Blue Shield, EDS would be in tough shape if anything ever happened to The Blues as the nation's prime Medicare contractors.

This raises the third threat to Perot's Welfare-Industrial Complex: national health insurance. Senator Ted Kennedy's bill, supported by organized labor, might do away with the whole prime-contractor system of administering federal health care. This could spell the end of Blue Cross and Blue Shield and perhaps EDS as well. Nixon's health bill, on the other hand, is being pushed as political insurance against a real and costly health insurance bill. It would provide $5000 deductible "catastrophe" insurance and would expand the role of the insurance industry. To figure out where The Blues would stand after this bill, one has only to know who headed Nixon's Health Task Force—Walter J. McNerney, Chairman of the Blue Cross Association.

FORTUNATELY FOR PEROT, HE ENJOYS good relations with leaders of both the pro- and anti-reform forces. His work at Christmas time, 1969, in behalf of President Nixon's Vietnam policy (price tag approximately $6 million) earned him considerable White House favor. Loading two Braniff DC-8s, one red and one green, with the wives and mothers of captured U.S. bomber pilots, Perot flew them to Paris to plead with North Vietnamese negotiators for the release of their loved ones. Then Perot loaded two more planes with 26 tons of turkeys and other treats. He announced he would attempt to deliver them in Hanoi so "our boys" would have something to eat for Christmas. He got the turkeys only as far as Vientiane, Laos. But like the right-wing Yippie that he is, Perot feels the message got through to the media, and strengthened Nixon's bargaining position.

A few months after these tilts with the communists, Perot was campaigning against the Wall Street establishment, this time with palpable support from the White House. His target was control of the reeling investment banking giant DuPont, Glore, Forgan, Inc.—the nation's third largest. Trying to hang on to this dear old family heirloom, well-loved but heavily mortgaged, was the poor relation side of the DuPont family. Not the chemical DuPonts, but the financial DuPonts led by Edmund and Anthony.

Someone had to save the company, New York Stock Exchange President Robert Haack and White House aide Peter M. Flanigan agreed. If the DuPonts couldn't raise the cash, then Ross Perot should be given a chance.

For a collapse of the big brokerage house might drag along the rest of the Wall Street community and destroy the U.S. economy.

Originally, Perot approached DuPont, Glore, Forgan to handle an EDS stock offering and wound up with their computer business. Now Perot was the company's biggest creditor, much to the horror of the aristocratic DuPont family. Perot and his EDS associates played very well their part as a financial Snopes family. Perot liked to ask horrified listeners, "Does it really matter if Wall Street fails?" Finally he decided to give the company an injection of fifty-five million dollars capital.

To help the deal along, Federal Reserve Bank Chairman Arthur Burns did Perot a special favor. He suspended the FRB's loan collateral requirements. Instead of having to put up over $150 million in EDS stock to back up the $55 million cash loan he'd taken down from his banks, Perot was permitted to put up *only half* that amount. Considering that in 1970 EDS stock fluctuated within a rather broad range—$29 to $162 a share—and considering further that this EDS stock is supposed to be keeping Wall Street from caving in, one wonders what Burns and his fellow Board members were smoking last spring. But so far so good. Perot's investment saved the company, Wall Street and the U.S. economy. It made him the largest single investor in any U.S. brokerage house with 90 percent interest in a company that may be worth $300 million by 1976. Left with the remaining 10 percent is the DuPont family. "It's O.K. to take the DuPonts' money," Perot said afterwards. "They haven't worked for it in two generations." As for reports that some of the DuPonts are displeased as the result of their dealings with him, Perot points out that only *some* DuPonts are mad. "Remember, there are still four DuPonts on the payroll. I just made it clear to everyone that there was going to be no advancement by birthright. It's what you do, not who you are that counts. But those DuPonts are doing a tremendous job now. I wish someone would send me half a dozen more just like them."

The White House signalled again its preference for Perot and his new money as against the decadent Eastern Financial Establishment and its old money when Perot was named along with other prominent *nouveaux riches* to the Nixon Foundation.

Even before his campaigns in behalf of the bombardiers, Perot had a significant relationship with the President. Soon after Nixon's inauguration, the names were announced of those chosen to participate in the Nixon Foundation. It was a very select group indeed, including Nixon's very closest business cronies—insurance man W. Clement Stone, Vitamin king Elmer Bobst, Pepsico's Donald Kendall—along with the President's closest relatives, brother Donald, wife Pat, Julie and David. Included on the list was Ross Perot. Leaving behind the constricting tradition which decrees that the Chief Executive must leave office before funds can be collected to memorialize his administration, Nixon Foundation activities began to put the bite on prospective donors quite early on. The professed object of their work is to raise funds for a Nixon Library and extensive real estate near the San Clemente White House to surround it. Presumably Ross Perot was not selected to serve on the Nixon Foundation because of his knowledge of libraries. But he says that he is not as close to the President as his inclusion on the select list would indicate. "I've only met the President two or three times," he said. Nevertheless it must be useful to have a friend at court. Especially when the friend is the king and the king's administration is drafting health care legislation.

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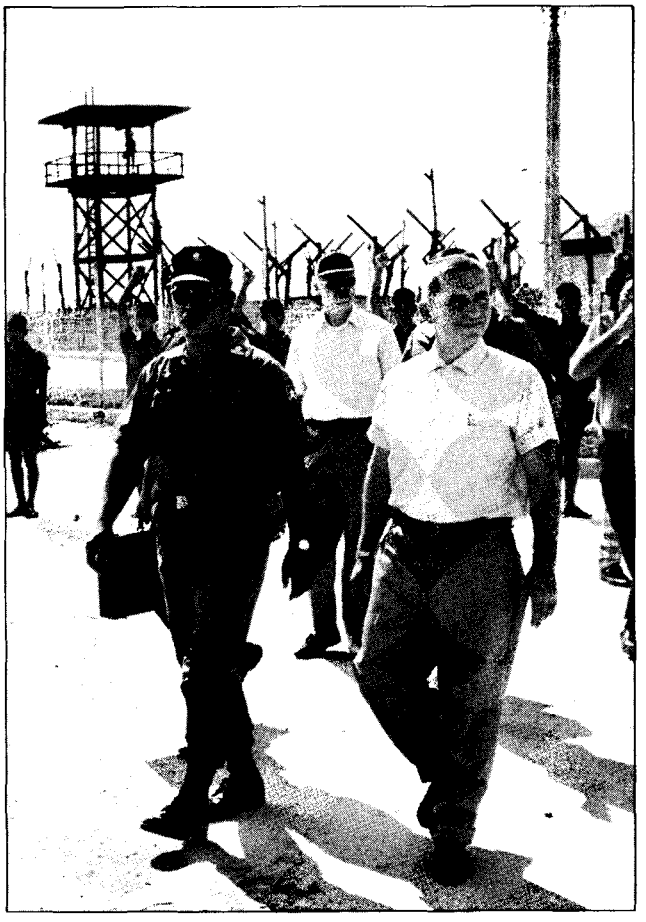

H. Ross Perot in South Vietnam

EDS is not a 100 percent conservative Republican Party outfit, however, as its executives hasten to point out. It has at least one visible Democrat in President Milledge A. Hart III, who once served as an aide to Congressman Wright Patman. (Whether the old Texas populist would let Hart have his old job back is another question.) There is the rumor, too, that Perot's money is supplying much of the momentum behind Senator Birch Bayh's Presidential candidacy. Perot laughs this off. "I'll tell you how that rumor started. I got a call from a woman correspondent in Washington. She asked me, 'What's this I hear about your lending Birch Bayh your corporate jet?' I told her there was something wrong with her story. 'I haven't got a corporate jet.' I think the whole thing started when someone saw me coming out of Senator Bayh's office in Washington. I was talking to him about the prisoner problem. He backed us on that but that was all."

Nevertheless, the Indiana Senator still might be the best of all possible Democratic Presidential candidates to cultivate. The Senator's stock is selling at an attractively low multiple; a relatively small investment might pay off handsomely in the future, even if he never makes it into the White House. Bayh is one of the sponsors of S. B.3, the Kennedy Health Bill—one of the more pragmatic supporters. And there is already talk within the reform camp of letting the insurance companies back under the tent, if only to insure the bill's passage. But Bayh or no Bayh, and even if the Kennedy Bill is passed in its present form, EDS executives feel the company has a bright future; they count on the certainty that the American health care system will never be liberalized to the point that health care is free for everyone. And as long as there are doctors to submit bills and tax money to pay them, EDS and Ross Perot will be part of that system as well as one of its chief beneficiaries.

[THE POVERTY OF CONTROL]

UNDER A SYSTEM WHOSE OUTSTANDING professors have no students, whose greatest statesmen betray their allies and whose most respected peacemakers counsel bombing of cities, it is logical that the man responsible for administering more of the nation's welfare medical programs than anyone else is a hard-core, free-enterprise freak ("Profit is a fantastic thing!" Perot says) who earned a billion-dollar fortune in the process. He's a man who can say without irony that the trouble with the Johnson poverty program was that too little money actually reached the poor people themselves.

In order to see where the American health care system is headed, it's important to realize that Perot and EDS are simply the logical expressions of the greatest triumph of American domestic liberalism of the 1960s—the passage of Medicare and Medicaid. The liberals knew in 1965 that capitalism in medicine stinks. They also knew that the status quo—represented by The Blues and the AMA—was very powerful. It had stopped reform efforts for thirty years. So congressional liberals decided to be practical. Their prescription was: make capitalism in medicine stink less. Give health care away free or nearly free to those who can't afford it—the aged and the indigent. Meanwhile keep organized medicine happy by letting it administer the new federal programs. It wasn't long, of course, before the health care market broke apart after a storm of profit-taking by organized medicine. So the next step liberals took was to demand more controls over the program. The Blues had to be monitored more closely by the federal government; they had to be subject to audits. Computers had to be used to keep doctors and insurance companies from further profiteering. But liberals still knew that the health care status quo was very powerful, so they let a Blue Cross executive be the chief federal monitor and they let The Blues choose the companies they wanted to have run the computer checks and perform the audits on themselves. In this atmosphere of politically flatulent and unfocused concern with health care costs, Ross Perot rose like a bag of helium. And just as it took a complete outsider, the former Trotskyist social worker Bernie Cornfield, to exploit the potential of the mutual fund racket to its furthest limits, it took a right-wing anti-communist to exploit the medical welfare program to its furthest limits. H. Ross Perot is a true child of his times and ward of the welfare state.

Robert Fitch is the author of a forthcoming book, Who Rules the Corporation, *by Random House.*

Wide World Photos

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Out of the Closet:

ON A JUNE EVENING TWO YEARS AGO, police began what seemed like a routine raid on the Stonewall Inn, then Greenwich Village's most popular gay men's bar. But the raid didn't go off as planned. We fought back. The gay liberation movement was born.

I am smiling ironically as I write "we." I wasn't there, and it took me more than six months before I even began to take part in the gay liberation movement. I was a "closet case," an oppressed homosexual, oppressed in America, oppressed in the movement. I might well have been on Christopher Street—home of the Stonewall Inn—that June night. I had been there at the dancing bar, favorite hangout of the most free gay people—those most likely to be labeled "fag" and "drag queen"—several times that spring. I wasn't comfortable there; I preferred the more uptight and sedate (read: "masculine") crowd at Danny's, a few blocks closer to the waterfront. Had I been in the Village at all that night, I suspect I would have stayed discreetly on the sidelines, perhaps even split the scene altogether. Sure, I was a homosexual, and, as a member of SDS and a writer for Liberation News Service (LNS), I was into fighting the pigs. But I couldn't have handled this swift coming together of the personal and the political. America—and the movement—had taught me too well how to make the separation.

My journey out of the closet had its beginnings during my sophomore year in college. I became friends with a classmate, our friendship growing out of our shared interest in politics, our classes together, and our work on the college paper. In retrospect, I presume we were also physically attracted to each other. One day, after we'd known each other for months, we were sitting on a bed in a dormitory room. Suddenly I was aware of a burst of sexual energy. Without saying a word, we made love. It happened again a few nights later. While our relationship gradually became what is sometimes known as a "love affair," we didn't have any of the romantic satisfaction found in the world of fiction. It was mostly very scary. This was homosexuality—certainly we knew that—and we sensed the ponderous weight of a centuries-old taboo. If we made this an open free love, we concluded in our mutual silence, it would destroy us as successful college men. We chose silence and

by Allen Young

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secrecy. Our fear and shame were the keys to survival.

I became editor-in-chief of the college paper; he also joined the staff. We took all of the same classes. We ate all our meals together, and we became roommates. To all our friends, and even in our own minds, we were just college buddies. No one "suspected." We knew no other gay people—that was the last thing on our minds. The passion we knew in bed at night was always muffled by our inability to say "I love you," by the awareness that the whole world which was rewarding us as men was saying "no" to our homosexuality. On several occasions we managed to talk briefly about what was happening to us, but we never said anything positive about the closeness and love we were experiencing. We knew on one level that it felt very good; but we also had a clear understanding how homosexuality is "untenable"—that's one word I definitely remember using. We agreed to stop having sex, but we started up again. Finally, as the end of our senior year came closer, we made another agreement to stop having sex. Our identity as men still intact, we took the next logical step. We acquired girlfriends to affirm our heterosexuality.

A couple of years later, aided by the independence of life on a Fulbright grant in Brazil, I decided to stop running away from my homosexuality. I knew I wasn't straight, and I gave up pretending. It wasn't quite coming out all the way, as I maintained a double existence and continued to feel that my homosexuality was a misfortune, but at least I was beginning to come to terms with myself.

As for my friend, he went through a series of affairs with women, and then, gradually, became a kind of a hermit. He even ended his friendships with his brother and his close friends (accusing some of them of being "faggots"). He started writing odd tracts, eventually declaring himself a genius, the bearer of great religious and political insights and wisdom. Sometime last year, his mother had him committed to a mental hospital. The cops came to take him away. His jailers called him a "paranoid schizophrenic." I don't know if or when he will come out of the hospital, but I feel in my guts that his mental health will return only when he can feel free enough to be gay. I also know that this is not the approach the hospital staff will take; they would rather keep him locked up than affirm anyone's homosexuality. That is why I consider him—and the thouands of gay people like him—to be political prisoners.

GAY LIBERATION IS A STRUGGLE against sexism. We are only beginning to define this word. At the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention meeting in Philadelphia, the male homosexual workshop put it this way:

"Sexism is a belief or practice that the sex or sexual orientation of human beings gives to some the right to certain privileges, powers, or roles, while denying to others their full potential. Within the context of our society, sexism is primarily manifested through male supremacy and heterosexual chauvinism. Since in the short run, sexism benefits certain persons or groups, in the long run it cannot serve all the people, and prevents the forming of complete social consciousness among straight [i.e., heterosexual] men. Sexism is irrational, unjust and counterrevolutionary. Sexism prevents the revolutionary solidarity of the people."

Sexism reveals itself in many ways. Of course, there are the overtly male-supremacist, anti-homosexual institutions of our society: the legal system and the police, the church, the nuclear family, the mass media, and the psychiatric establishment. Much of the energy of gay liberation is directed against these institutions. But sexism is a part of all people, too, present in many of our behavior patterns. Dealing with sexism, usually through a small group process, is also essential to gay liberation. These small groups vary in nature, from rather formal "consciousness-raising groups" to less formal communes or groups of friends or roommates. The goal of this small-group process is the elimination of inequalities in human relationships, inequities brought about through role-playing sexual objectification.

Our struggle as gays is to eliminate oppressive patterns that straights have burdened us with. Many gay men play either male or female roles. Some people think that this only has to do with what happens in bed. Although sex may be a factor, however, role-playing permeates all areas of human interaction. I was socialized into playing a male role. It didn't come easy: I knew that I threw a baseball "like a girl," and I have always been worried about my "femininity." But a time did come when I could feel comfortable about my ability to pass for a "real man." Most important, I could hide my gayness.

Sexual objectification has to do with seeing other human beings in terms of the superficial alone—face, body, clothes. Phrases like these, often heard among gay men, are sexist and sexually objectifying: "Those blue jeans really turn me on." "He has a big cock." "I'm only attracted to young blonds." "He's too swishy; if I wanted to sleep with a woman, I'd do it with a real woman." I have thought or said all of these things at one time or another. Gay liberation is teaching me how this oppresses me and others.

The worst thing about being gay is experiencing the anti-homosexuality of society. To survive in a hostile environment, most gays hide their homosexuality. The result is the fear associated with the possibility of discovery, and the shame and guilt associated with homosexual dreams, daydreams, desires and acts. For an important minority of homosexuals—those who are identified as such because they have the mannerisms, clothing or speech patterns usually reserved for the other sex—the oppression takes on different forms. The blatantly gay are often subject to verbal abuse, physical brutality from police and other thugs, and the knowledge that even those who can tolerate discreet homosexuality will not tolerate this turn-around of sex-determined roles.

While anti-homosexual feelings run high in America, there is also a great awareness of homosexuality as a phenomenon. Some of America's most popular swear words—"shove it up your ass" and "you dirty cocksucker," for example—express at the same moment the straight man's awareness of homosexuality and the repugnance he feels towards it.

Gay liberation, on the surface of it, is a struggle by homosexuals for dignity and respect—a struggle for civil

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rights. Of course we want to "come out" (that is, to end our hiding), to forbid such terms as "faggot," "dyke," and "queer," to hold down jobs without having to play straight, and to change or abolish those laws which restrict or denegrate us. Beyond that, our movement stands for the total abolition of sex-determined roles in society—and in bed.

Most male homosexuals are still trapped by notions of masculinity. It is a familiar story—the oppressed worship the oppressor. Listen to the names of some of America's gay men's bars—The Stud, the Tool Box, the Barn. What passes for gay men's art—including murals in these bars—often depicts such masculine characters as the body-builder, the motorcyclist, the cowboy. What goes on inside most of these gay bars often preserves the notion that the people inside are "real men," too. The billiard table, the sawdust on the floor, the leather vest on the bartender, and, most of all, the men standing around with cheerfully groomed indifference while quaffing their beer (just like good collegians or dockworkers). The gay man's quest for exaggerated masculinity is evidence of oppression, evidence of how a minority is overwhelmed by the values and style of the majority.

Some additional observations about gay bars are necessary. On one level, these gathering places are products of a system we are striving to eliminate. First, they perpetrate male supremacy; second, most of them are owned by greedy gay capitalists or greedier criminal syndicates. It is impossible, however, to escape a crucial fact: aside from the meetings of gay organizations, these bars are the only places where large numbers of gay people get together. As congregating places (particularly for gay men, although there are a handful of lesbian bars in the biggest cities), the gay bars can be focal points of conflict between our new spirit of liberation and the forces which would keep us "in our place" and ghettoized.

The 1969 raid on the Stonewall Inn bar is accepted as the birthday of gay liberation. Since then, police action against gay bars in Los Angeles has led to mobilization of hundreds of gay people. One of New York's most militant demonstrations—a spontaneous march and vigil in Greenwich Village one winter ago—occurred after a police raid on the Snake Pit. The cops busted the operators of this after-hours bar on a liquor law technicality, typically choosing a busy Saturday night so the raid could intimidate a maximum number of patrons and look good for the politicians and the police brass. The people at the Snake Pit, 167 in all, were carted off to the precinct house. Most of those arrested were afraid—of the police, at the very least and, beyond that, that the arrest and the homosexual connection would be reported to employer or family. One man jumped from a second story window and came close to death when he impaled himself on five spikes of an iron fence.

In San Francisco, gay people are organizing legal defense and propaganda around the case of Charles Christman, a gay brother shot by police, then placed under arrest and charged with attempted homocide. Christman's arrest came after police arbitrarily broke up a crowd of gay men congregating outside The Stud. As Christman was leaving, one cop told him to beat it and another told him to stop. In the confusion, Christman tried to drive off. The cops say he tried to run down several police officers—supposedly justifying their trigger-happy response. In Houston, the Gay Liberation Front used a picket line to successfully break the racist lily-white policy of a gay men's bar.

LEGAL REPRESSION IS A DAY-TO-DAY FACT for all homosexuals. Every "practicing" homosexual is an outlaw, for gay love (under the legal category of "sodomy") is a crime in all but two states (Connecticut and Illinois). In New York State, the sodomy laws prohibit any contact between the mouth and the penis, the mouth and the vulva, and the penis and the anus.

Few sodomy convictions are for contact between "consenting adults." Changes in the legal codes to allow such sex acts between consenting adults have come in Illinois and Connecticut (and in Great Britain), but this has not made a difference in the basic oppression of homosexuals in these places.

Earlier this year in New York State, a handful of lawmakers backed a bill which would extend the state's fair housing and fair employment legislation to include homosexuals, but the effort failed. In fact, by our mere existence and life style, gay people are perpetual outlaws. For example, in most states it is illegal to invite someone home with you for the purpose of sex. Since gay people (especially men) do this frequently, we are constantly in danger of being arrested for "solicitation." (The laws against "solicitation" are violated constantly by straight men any time they whistle at a woman or say something like, "Hey, baby, wanna come home with me?", but virtually all arrests for solicitation are of prostitutes, transvestites and gay males.) Many solicitation arrests are entrapment cases.

One of the most significant court cases in gay liberation was that of the "D.C. 12." Twelve gay brothers attending the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention last Thanksgiving weekend in Washington, D.C., were arrested at the Zephyr, a straight, lily-white restaurant. After four gay brothers were refused service, several carloads of gay people responded by filling up the restaurant. When some straight patrons and the manager started to push the gay brothers out, they fought back. The restaurant was damaged. The police came and made 12 arrests, charging destruction of property, assault, etc. As the case developed, defense attorneys won the right to carry out a *voir dire,* that is, to question the jurors as to their prejudice against homosexuals. Later, when it was revealed that witnesses had illegally seen the defendants in jail before viewing them in a line-up, the government had to drop all the charges. Winning the right to do a *voir dire* on sexism is considered to be an important precedent for future cases involving gay people.

No one knows for sure how many gay people are in jail, but it is an acknowledged fact that many men's jails have a special tier or section for homosexuals. For most people, linking up the word "homosexual" and the word "jail" conjures up images of sex perverts attacking "normal" men. The gay liberation movement is beginning to break through the distortions, lies, half-truths and ignorance on this topic. First of all, every jail has a significant number of gay

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people—homosexuals who are known to be homosexuals by the authorities and who acknowledge their homosexuality. Like most oppressed people who are carted off by the police to the nation's prisons, these gay people are victims of a vicious system. Whether the charge emerges directly from their homosexuality (sodomy, solicitation, "lewd conduct"), or indirectly (burglary, prostitution, shoplifting), all gay prisoners are political prisoners.

To the extent that there are violent homosexual acts in any jail, this is due exclusively to the aggressive behavior of straight men. Open homosexuals, homosexuals trying but failing to pass for straight, or straight men who are slight of build and capable of being seen as a female sex object—these are the victims of rape and sexual assault from brutal, straight male prisoners. Such sex is a form of bogus homosexuality which is nothing but a parody of heterosexuality.

IN THE 1950s, WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER and realized that the word "homosexual" had something to do with the way I was feeling and behaving, I tried to get the facts. I was already overwhelmed with a sense of my abnormality; I had no idea there were millions of other teenagers going through the very same thing. Everywhere, in the newspapers and magazines, on radio and TV, in the movies, there wasn't the slightest affirmation of homosexuality. If the subject ever made an appearance, it was in terms of ridicule or condemnation. But mostly, there was nothing. The overwhelming message of boy-girl, man-woman love came through in every novel and every comic book I ever read.

Now it is becoming more common to find homosexuals appearing, in some way or another, in the media. More often than not, however, the homosexuals portrayed are stereotypes, or otherwise shown in a negative way. In *Up Tight,* a movie about black militants, there is a homosexual police informer. The so-called progressive movie-maker who put together *Z* went out of his way to portray one of the young Greek fascists as a homosexual. Then there was Little Horse, the gay Indian in *Little Big Man,* played as a redskin faggot for racist, sexist laughs in the movie. And as for *Boys in the Band,* the movie that brought a part of the gay world to the American masses for the first time, it depicts a sad collection of stereotypes in a story designed to win pity and perhaps tolerance from liberals. If this is not bad enough, the conclusion of the movie evokes stormy applause from straights when the closet-case friend of the birthday party host affirms his straightness and goes back to his wife. This movie (some reviewer somewhere must have called it "courageous") doesn't even dare to show two men kissing on the screen. Its homosexuals are so pitiful that it hardly serves as affirmation for someone trying to come out.

In the 1950s, I looked up the word "homosexuality" in the index of every book on psychology or sex or health that I could find. The mere association of homosexuality with medicine, of course, is oppressive. Beyond that, almost every reference was negative—Freudian nonsense about arrested sexual development, or, still worse, categorical statements about homosexuality being a mental illness and urgings that homosexuals seek "help."

One of the most macabre set of anti-homosexual lies is contained in the middlebrow super-best-seller: David Reuben's *Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex. . .But Were Afraid to Ask.* In a chapter entitled "Male Homosexuality" (he ignores female homosexuals altogether), Reuben, a psychiatrist, projects an image of crazed faggots sticking carrots and cucumbers up their asses, and categorically asserts that no homosexual can possibly be happy.

But sitting above popularizers like Reuben is a six-man rogues' gallery of shrinks who are most responsible for the "scientific" facade which covers the oppression of homosexuals. Each of these psychiatrists has written a successful book, and each has become rich by convincing homosexuals that they can be "cured" (even when all the evidence points in the opposite direction). What is more serious, each is responsible, directly or indirectly, for the suicide of countless gay people, and for the incarceration of countless others in jails, mental hospitals and juvenile centers. The suffering and cruelty promoted by these six shrinks places them, in my eyes, in the ranks of the worst of war criminals. Here they are, in order of appearance: Edmund Bergler, *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life* (1957); Irving Bieber, *Homosexuality* (1962); Albert Ellis, *Homosexuality: Its Causes and Cure* (1964); Charles Socarides, *The Overt Homosexual* (1968); Lionel Ovesey, *Homosexuality and Pseudo-homosexuality* (1969); and Lawrence J. Hatterer, *Changing Homosexuality in the Male* (1970).

These books speak with a confidence and authority that would be laughable if it were not for the infinite suffering they cause. Bergler, for example, writes: "It has recently been discovered that homosexuality is a curable illness. . . . Homosexuality is not the 'way of life' these sick people gratuitously assume it to be, but a neurotic distortion of the total personality. . . . The entire personality structure of the homosexual is pervaded by the *unconscious* wish to suffer."

So far, it has only been homosexuals from gay liberation and homophile groups who have launched an assault against the shrink pigs. Since May 1970, when gay liberation invaded the national convention of the American Psychiatric Association in San Francisco, angry homosexuals haven't missed a chance to disrupt similar events, such as a recent seminar on homosexuality at the Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn, and the most recent psychiatrists' convention in Washington, D.C., during Mayday events.

When the experts tell you that you are sick, and there seems no way out, suicide often emerges as a solution. Most gay people have friends, or at least know of people, who have killed themselves as a direct result of experiencing gay oppression. When I read about a suicide, or hear of one, I immediately want to know, "was the person gay?" With suicide as a major cause of death in America, the people in the medical profession have a clear choice: adopt the ideas of gay liberation and get rid of the shrink pigs, or remain their accomplices.

The books by the Big Six are virtually the only books on homosexuality available in the average bookstore or public

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library. Virtually the only pro-gay book of the 1950s, Donald Webster Cory's *The Homosexual in America* (1951), was published by a tiny publishing house and was generally not available until the recent publication of a new edition. Years ago at the Library of Congress, I found the title on a file card under "Homosexuality," but it was kept in the "Delta" section (along with pornography and rare manuscripts). I was able to read it there only by bracing myself to overcome my fear that upon my signing for the book (I had to show ID), a librarian would telephone my family and my high school. A few pro-homosexual books are set for publication in 1971, but if Random House had trouble distributing *Woodstock Nation,* you can imagine how conservative librarians and book distributors will respond to something on gay liberation. The first of these new books, *The Gay Militants* by Donn Teal, has already appeared.

THE TRADITIONAL LEFT, both Old Left and New Left, has been as oppressive to homosexuals as has establishment America. I grew up in a Communist Party household, and I learned at an early age about socialism, about how the workers are unjustly exploited by the bosses, about the beautiful system known as socialism. I also quickly learned that socialism wasn't for fairies, because my parents and their friends would occasionally make jokes about fairies. I also knew that I was a fairy (I didn't want to be one, of course, but that's what they called me in school). In any case, it was much easier to identify with socialism than with being a fairy. (The Communist Party is still anti-homosexual. Its paper, *The Daily World,* has published at least one anti-homosexual cartoon, and CP picket captains in New York physically assaulted gay people who wanted to march with gay banners in support of Angela Davis.)

I joined the staff of Liberation News Service in Washington, D.C., shortly after it was founded in the autumn of 1967. By then, I was actively homosexual. I used to sneak away from the LNS office, and from my "comrades" in SDS, to meet other homosexuals. I always enjoyed the irony of cruising [i.e., looking for a sex partner] in Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House, but the emotion I most remember is anger and sadness as I wandered through that park. I never met a homosexual like myself—someone from the movement—a situation which reinforced my sense of aloneness and uniqueness. With good reason, too—the oppressive sexist power of the movement itself was keeping us apart. Now I know more of what was really happening: at one time, there were no fewer than six male homosexuals associated with LNS in Washington. One had a few gay experiences but actively projected his heterosexual image. One called himself "pansexual," shied away from gay experiences and began an affair with a woman. Still another, repressing his homosexual feelings, was having an affair with a woman. One was a man in his thirties who felt that he would be unable to work politically if he was open about his gayness and "satisfied" himself by having mostly non-sexual friendships with

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teenage boys. One was totally asexual in practice, though actively gay in his fantasies and manner—on Nov. 1, 1969, he ran a vacuum cleaner hose from his car's exhaust pipe to his front vent window, saying good-bye to the world and the movement.

It was even worse inside SDS. I attended most of the large national council meetings of SDS in the period from December 1967 until the stormy final convention of June 1969. I felt totally alone as a homosexual, incapable of telling any of those people about myself. The gay love I wanted to express was prohibited while the straight men played musical beds.

Some people seem to think that things have gotten better. In small ways, maybe they have. Homosexuals do not have to be invisible any more in many movement groups. There has been a formalistic recognition of gay liberation by such diverse groups as the Black Panther Party, International Socialists, Peace & Freedom Party, the Young Socialist Alliance, the Yippies and various local collectives and underground papers. This has not, in my opinion, altered the basic pattern of anti-gay oppression within the straight movement. When I told the people at LNS I was gay, they didn't express any overt hostility to me for that. But the men there steadfastly held on to their own straight identity. I could not even begin to establish a gay identity, could not even begin to struggle with my own sexism and elitism, in such hostile surroundings. Among straight people, I must suppress many of my feelings. Shared experiences around my oppression are minimal.

There are many well-intentioned people in the straight movement who like to define the revolutionary forces in this country as a melange of diverse groups in struggle—workers, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, Indians, Asians, women and gays—often expressed in that order. I myself often grasp at this idealized vision of what is supposedly happening. We do have a common enemy in U.S. imperialism; and that provides us with a certain sense of unity. But the straight movement has continually asked gay people to deny the validity of the gay struggle.

Our battle with the Venceremos Brigade is a good example. In New York, in June 1970, during the first anniversary of the Stonewall riots, *Gay Power,* a now-defunct gay movement newspaper, scheduled a benefit at the Elgin movie theater. Through an error, the management of the theater gave the same date to the Venceremos Brigade. When it came down to deciding who would use the theater that night (both groups had done publicity), the Venceremos Brigade used the prestige of the straight movement and of the Cuban revolution (which has been consistently anti-homosexual) to convince the management to choose them over the gay people. I went to the Elgin that night, frightened and confused at the conflict that was occurring. I was active in GLF only six months; I knew the Brigade people for a year or more. I sat on a fence, supporting *Gay Power* at first, but eventually losing patience with the gays' anger and militant struggle. Finally, I shouted something about being part of an "international communist movement," hoping that the gay people would shut up so we could

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watch movies about Vietnam. I am still ashamed of how I behaved that night at the Elgin, though mostly I am angry at how the straight movement made me reject my gay sisters and brothers at that time.

I had been involved as a "closet" gay in the earliest organizational meetings of the brigade. Dozens of gay people cut cane in the first and second brigade without being able to come out. As long as we hid our homosexuality, we were "right on" brothers and sisters. In the third brigade, a number of openly gay people participated, only after sharp struggle, but the straight people administering the brigade (and the Cubans, too) did not commit themselves to the politics of gay liberation. Gays on the third brigade suffered great oppression. The expectation was that the gays would submerge their identities and their struggle to the concept of anti-imperialist unity and support for the Cuban revolution. In other words, the straight people running the brigade will accept us only if we accept our oppression and return to the closet.

We gays want and need autonomy, yet the straight movement continually denies the validity of our struggle. Gays are constantly being asked by the straight movement to prove ourselves. I am keenly aware of this because, as a former member in good standing of the New Left, I am constantly being told by former comrades things like, "Well, we know that *you* are anti-imperialist, but we don't know about a lot of the other people in gay liberation." I cannot accept this attempt to separate me from my gay sisters and brothers. I echo the simple demand once made by a gay sister in an article about the Venceremos Brigade: "Marxist, schmarxist, get off our backs!" I am still so encumbered by the sexist mentality of the left that it is actually a longer, more difficult process for me to develop a gay identity and struggle against sexism. I am constantly being coerced, gently or arrogantly, to provide a class analysis of homosexuality, to answer allegations about "bourgeois decadence"—and more often than not I yield to this coercion. But this is just one of the ways that so-called Marxists have put down homosexuals. We don't have to answer any of these questions; the onus is on the straight movement to deal with its sexism. Our struggle is denied by straight people who think of themselves as being part of the "broader struggle," who define themselves as the "real revolutionaries." We do not get validated by our participation in anti-war marches; we join those marches because imperialist wars are sexist. Straight leftists will accept us as long as they can conceive of us as something like "United Homosexuals for Peace, Equality and Socialism." We are opposed to capitalism, racism and war, but we express that opposition by using our energy to oppose sexism. We are for gay liberation, which we see as a total revolutionary movement. The oppression which we suffer from straight society, and our consequent quest for freedom, is the only justification or validation we need.

After the police raid at the Stonewall Inn, the gay militants chose the name Gay Liberation Front, in homage to the Vietnamese guerrillas. The group has never been a "front," in the real sense of the term (a collection of groups), but the name stuck and was picked up in dozens of other cities. (GLF has dissolved as an organization in some places, including New York and Berkeley, but the basic political values of GLF continue to be projected.)

GLF defined itself from the beginning as being different from the early homophile and lesbian organizations. These groups, including the Mattachine Society, the Society of Individual Rights (SIR), and the Daughters of Bilitis, were formed in the 1950s and early 1960s primarily as civil rights and social groups. Lacking an explicit understanding of sexism, though fully aware of oppression, the members of these groups struggled to halt the anti-homosexual hysteria of McCarthyism, to combat the most overt forms of anti-homosexualism such as police brutality, and to provide social activities.

The homophile groups, as well as some of the newer groups such as the Gay Activists Alliance, work primarily toward the elimination of laws to enable gays to do our own thing. Gay liberation is a more far-reaching concept. It is premised on consciousness-raising on sexism toward the goal of sexual liberation for all. Gay liberation also has a perspective for revolution based on the unity of all oppressed people—that is, there can be no freedom for gays in a society which enslaves others through male supremacy, racism and economic exploitation (capitalism).

In any case, some events bring us all together, at least momentarily. The first large mass action by gay people was the June 1970 Christopher Street Gay Pride March from Greenwich Village up the Avenue of the Americas to Central Park. Some 10,000 people participated, some of them members of gay groups, the vast majority coming from the disparate gay community. It was a big step for gay people to be in the street, and many of us recognized many more gay people watching from the sidewalk with an ambivalent look of fear and pride on their faces. On June 27, 1971, Christopher Street and Christopher Street West Gay Pride Marches—considerably larger than the previous year's parades—were held in New York and Los Angeles.

From the outset, the Gay Liberation Front was an organization of male homosexuals and lesbians. By the spring of 1970, many of the GLF women began a separate caucus, and before long this turned into a new, separate group, the Radicalesbians. The lesbians were responding to a situation in which they were wasting their energies pointing out sexist attitudes to men. They decided to respond to their unique situation as gay women and they were joined by many lesbians from the feminist movement who had not previously associated with gay liberation. Other women continued to function as a part of GLF, noting that "our strongest common denominator and greatest oppression lies with society's injustice against us as homosexuals." In several cities, black, Latin and Asian homosexuals formed separate caucuses and groups. In New York and Chicago, Third World Gay Revolution has been working to combat racist attitudes of white homosexuals and to struggle against anti-gay attitudes in the third world communities. Another separate organization, Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries (STAR), was started in the fall of 1970 in New York to meet the special needs of transvestites. The work of the gay liberation movement—its organizational progress, its media, its demonstrations—are meaningful only in the context of consciousness about sexism.

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FOR GAY PEOPLE, THE ESSENTIAL POINT is to see limited sexuality as an end result of male supremacy and sex roles. Gay, in its most far-reaching sense, means not homosexual, but sexually free. This includes a long-range vision of sensuality as a basis for sexual relationships. This sexual freedom is not some kind of groovy life style with lots of sex, doing what feels good irrespective of others. It is sexual freedom premised upon the notion of pleasure through equality, no pleasure where there is inequality.

Straight people (and some gays) cringe when we chant "Two, four, six, eight, gay is twice as good as straight!" This slogan reflects our understanding of homosexuality as a superior way of life to heterosexuality as we experience it. Heterosexual relationships are encumbered by notions of how men and women are supposed to behave. It is a system which has male supremacy built in—although I have seen many straight people engaged in honest struggle against sexism. Homosexuals committed to struggling against sexism have a better chance than straights to build relationships based on equality because there is less enforcement of roles. We have already broken with gender programming, so we can more easily move toward equality.

Gay is good for all of us. The artificial categories "heterosexual" and "homosexual" have been laid on us by a sexist society. Children are born sexual. To protect the power of straight men in a sexist society, homosexuality becomes prohibited behavior. As gays, we demand an end to the gender programming which starts when we are born (pink for girls, blue for boys). The nuclear family, with its man-woman model built in by the presence of parents, is the primary means by which this restricted sexuality is created and enforced. Gays experience rejection by the family in a society where familial love is considered important. The family oppresses women and children as well as gays. The phenomena of runaway teenagers and increasing divorce rates are signs of the erosion of the nuclear family. Gay liberation is another sign. We attack the nuclear family when we reject our parents' plea to get married and have a family. We are committed to building liberated communal situations where children can grow strong and free.

Straights who are threatened by us like to accuse us of separatism—but our understanding of sexism is premised on the idea that in the free society everyone will be free of sex-determined roles, i.e., gay. It may be utopian to think that all people who now define themselves as "straight" will become gay, but it is not utopian to ask people who call themselves revolutionaries to struggle against sexism by working toward establishing a gay identity and combatting male power. We have a separate movement of gay people because we are fighting for survival; that is the only way we can establish an identity and advance our struggle.

While we have a vision of a free society, we do not claim to be a superior breed of people. We do pride ourselves on our commitment to struggle, and we know that most, if not all, straight men will do everything in their power to resist gay liberation because by staying straight they stay privileged and powerful—at least in the short run. I can say this much about myself: I obtain a sense of well-being and confidence when I blend in with straight men which is directly linked to power and privilege, and that is hard to give up. There are rewards in the other direction, however. As I develop a gay identity, I feel much more in touch with my humanity than when I was regularly passing for straight. I am swept up in a process of change which allows me to define myself in terms other than some masculine ideal. I have a growing awareness of myself and my relationships to other people which is exhilarating and deeply satisfying. My understanding of the need for revolutionary change is deeper than ever. I dance more, I laugh more, I cry more, I am learning how to listen to others. I have sex less often but find it infinitely more satisfying. I am finding out how to love my sisters and brothers, how this love is the vital revolutionary force we all need.

One of the longest-running gay male consciousness-raising groups recently published a paper which sums up much of the revolutionary humanistic dimension of our struggle:

"Gays must organize because it is the only way a class of people that has been cut adrift by society can deal with that fact. Everywhere we find hostility, prejudice and condescension, even amongst ourselves. Most gays accept, in self-defense, the straight man's mythology that says we're sick, immature, perverse, deviant, and thus should hide our love away in tearooms [i.e., public toilets], park bushes, on cruising streets, and in Mafia- or otherwise pig-controlled bars. Those who reject the mythology, developing positive attitudes toward their homosexuality, are even more offensive to straights. We all risk brutalization and imprisonment and have little alternative but to use the traditional oppressive cruising institutions. These myths and institutions keep us isolated and distrustful of each other. And don't expect any help from our straight oppressors in creating alternatives. We're on our own.

"In our consciousness-raising group, we have been trying to step outside the straight man's myths and institutions, to suspend the limited ways we deal with each other, and experiment with new ways of relating. Everyone's feelings are considered in consciousness-raising, and instead of shouting each other down, consensus, a solution that is to each person's interest, can be reached. If people are silent, they are asked to contribute. This is part of the collective process. We as men are struggling with our eagerness to dominate and ego-trip by being aware of the needs of others in the group, and struggling with our tendency to intellectualize by speaking from our experience. We are also learning what has been forbidden us—to relate to one another with respect and love."

Allen Young has been active in the gay liberation movement in New York since early 1970. He asked RAMPARTS *to include this explanatory note: "Most of the ideas expressed here are the result of a collective process, involving many gay sisters and brothers who have engaged me in struggle. I am a white male homosexual who has identified with the radical left for many years and most of what I say is from that perspective—so I cannot speak for all gay people. There are other homosexuals—lesbians, third world people, transvestites—about whom I can say little. They speak for themselves."*

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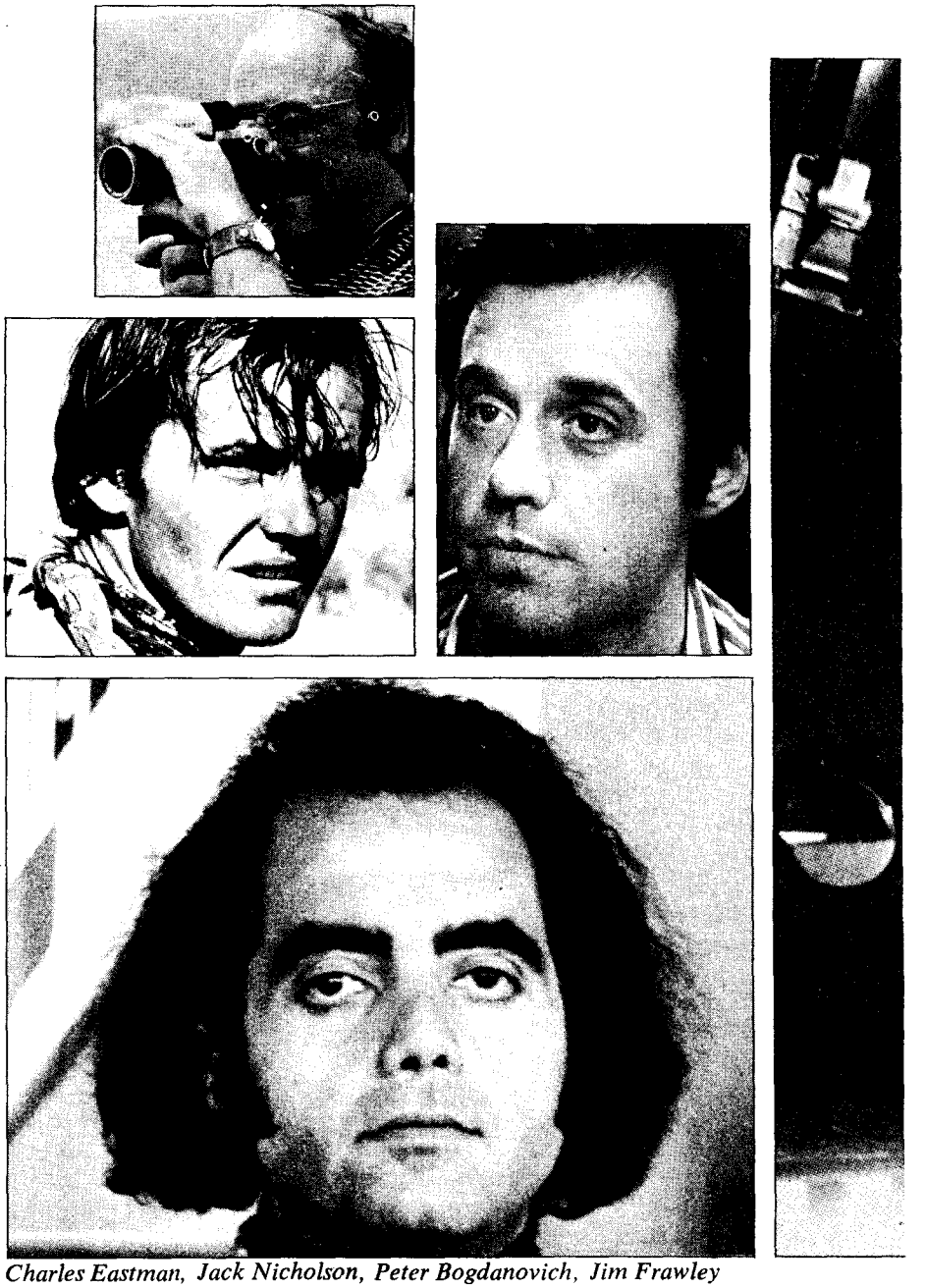
Hollywood's New Wave

The Hollywood consensus is that Stanley Kramer, director par excellence of such liberal films from *The Defiant Ones* to *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, provides all the politics in Hollywood movies that audiences could ever want.



Charles Eastman, Jack Nicholson, Peter Bogdanovich, Jim Frawley

ONCE I KNEW A WEATHERMAN who sat through *Bonnie and Clyde* at least a dozen times and told people they would understand him only when they saw Robert Redford as The Sundance Kid. Most of the myths of American capitalist society he had thrown off, but larger-than-life images in darkened theaters still held him enthralled. Like the rest of us he believed the illusions of movement and imitations of life could project his dreams, giving him back models to copy and fantasies to act out. It's a miracle of hope or a tragedy of gullibility that even the most disaffected and militant among us still place so much faith in Hollywood commercial entertainment movies.

In the Emerald City of Hollywood, meanwhile, the wizards of moviemaking pull the levers of their light and sound show like the timid little man Dorothy found operating the fiery monster in *The Wizard of Oz*. Their ability to delight and command the obedient, unseen masses fills them with awe of their own power and an understandable fear of the crowd's reaction when the illusion no longer persuades. They cast themselves as enlightened dictators bound by nightly plebiscites at ticket windows, condemned by every empty seat, unable to lead except with the assurance of overwhelming popular approbation. The moviemakers are socially, morally, intellectually, and culturally confused like everyone else these days; but above all they are

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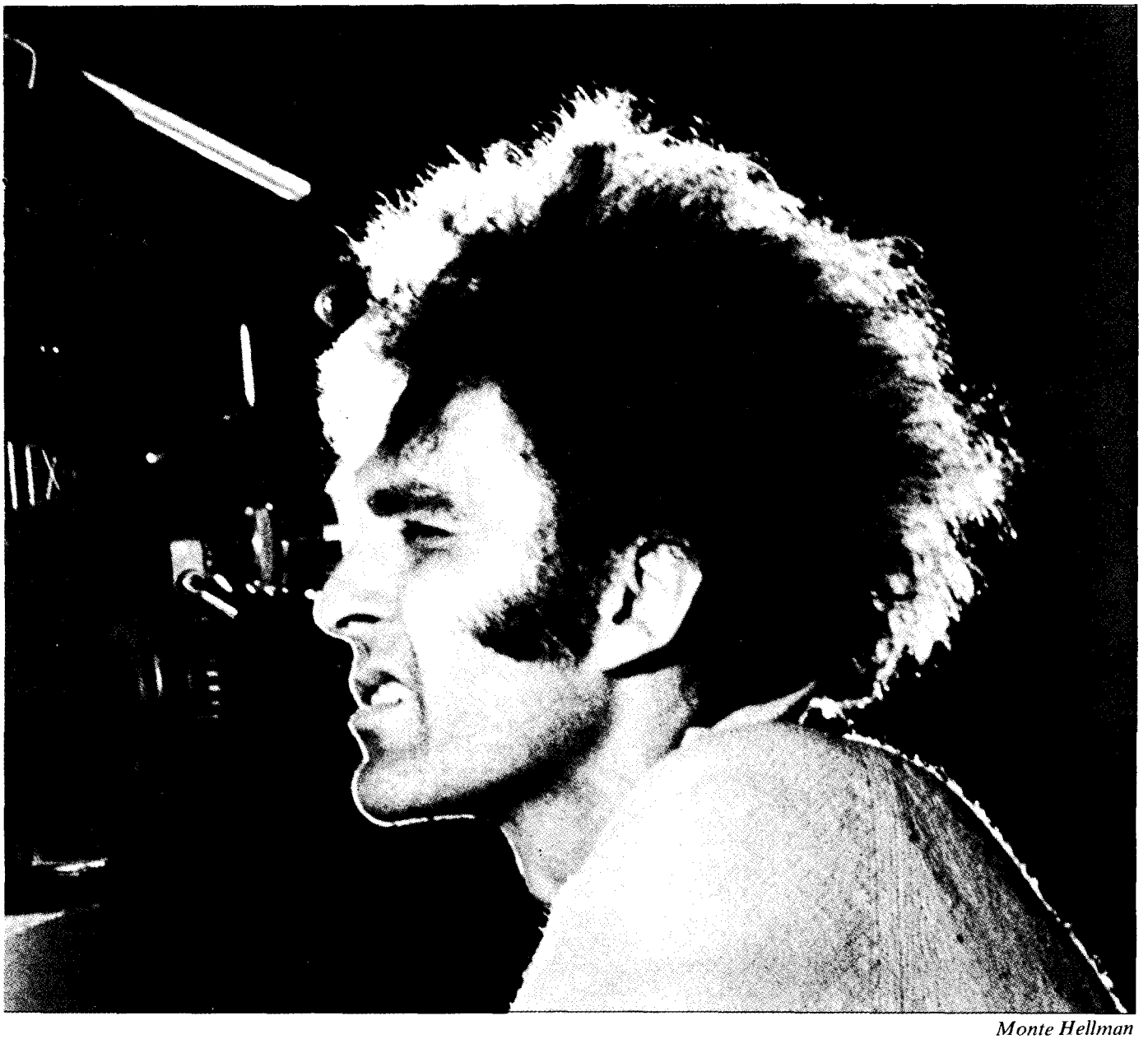

Monte Hellman

very, very cautious. There are many things they don't know and can't feel about American society today, but they do know that successful commercial entertainment movies can make lots of money for everyone concerned, and no one is in Hollywood for his health.

I spent a few weeks there in late summer trying to put our faith in Hollywood and the reality of Hollywood together; trying to find out how the people who create movies have responded to the radical changes in political ideas, social values, and cultural consciousness that have reshaped so many lives and institutions in the wake of the Vietnam catastrophe. By the luck of who was in town and who had time free for me, I talked with a handful of the new and highly regarded directors—Jack Nicholson, Monte Hellman, Jim Frawley, Charles Eastman, and Peter Bogdanovich—who make up (with Bob Rafelson, Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, and a few others) what some commentators wishfully call America's New Wave.

The answer I found, in a word, is that whatever response Hollywood is going to make to cultural, social, and political change has already been made and unmade. With the exception of a strong and courageous public figure like Jane Fonda, and here and there a young, unconventional executive who supports radical political groups in his spare time, the cooling of Hollywood is an accomplished fact. What

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is remarkable, perhaps, in retrospect, is that the impregnable fortress of cultural caution should have recognized the politics of the streets at all. You should not be surprised that it did so because the peop e of Hollywood, like the citizens of Emerald City, look at the world through glasses the color of money.

* * *

CAST YOUR MIND BACK to the summer of 1969 and the hours you spent in line waiting to see *Easy Rider*. Someone was watching you all that time, and that's not paranoia. You were telling Hollywood something, and the decision-makers were listening.

As *Easy Rider* climbed the ladder toward the incredible figure of grossing one hundred times more than it cost to make, the response of the studios was swift but varied. Some raced to be next to the screen with youth culture rebellion pictures, resulting in the moral and economic disasters of *Getting Straight, The Strawberry Statement,* etc. Others sent personnel men out to Topanga Canyon, Southern California's pastoral Haight-Ashbury, to hire suitable doubles for Dennis Hopper; the least it could do was boost studio morale by a show of beards and moustaches in the commissary. Yet others—there aren't that many big studios, so most of them obviously covered their bets by taking all three of these steps—hired young men of ability and promise to direct feature films: prestige films, *auteur* films, social films, films that could be shown with pride at festivals, that would prove that Hollywood, rapidly approaching three-score and ten, at last had come of age.

On the wave of *Easy Rider,* Nicholson, Hellman, Frawley, Eastman, and Bogdanovich rode to their first important directorial assignments. Two years have passed and the results are largely in. But for understanding the frame of mind in Hollywood, it is as important to look at them as people as it is to look at their films. They are all distinctly individuals, but there are also consistently recurrent similarities in their careers, their attitudes, their opinions, that suggest a pattern on which one can build a portrait of Hollywood today. They represent much of the best in Hollywood moviemaking at the present time, and their strengths and weaknesses, their hopes and cautions, are likely to reveal more about the present and future of Hollywood than anything else except the weekly *Variety* box office figures.

Take One: A nude Jack Nicholson dozes on a Victorian *chaise longue,* late on a hot August afternoon. "The Pause that Refreshes" reads an old Coke sign on the wall of his house off Mulholland Drive in the Hollywood Hills, decorated with pop culture treasures. Pulling on a bathing suit, he settles in an easy chair. It is a slack moment in the ascending arc of a career that began, as we are all aware by now, long before his leap to fame in *Easy Rider.*

Nicholson has not been working for a few weeks and idleness is starting to depress him. The scripts come in, forty a week, with offers of acting parts, but he likes almost none of them, and may write one for himself. *Drive, He Said,* his first film as a director, a BBS production distributed by Columbia, has good reviews and poor box office. Its summer release may be BBS' first obvious mistake, trying to repeat *Easy Rider's* summer success. *Easy Rider* was an outdoor, open-air, hot-weather picture; *Drive, He Said,* a college basketball film with a winter, indoor atmosphere, which will be re-released in the fall.

Take Two: Monte Hellman, lean and tanned, sits on the deck of a Malibu beach house (my rented house, not his). Like Nicholson he got his start in movies more than ten years ago working for Roger Corman at American International Pictures, the assembly line for drive-in horror pictures: a good place to learn the skills, as Hemingway said of newspaper work, as long as you can get out in time.

In 1966 Hellman made two western films with Nicholson, *Ride in the Whirlwind* and *The Shooting.* They co-produced the films, with Hellman directing and Nicholson acting in both and writing *Ride in the Whirlwind.* For years they went without American theatrical release while French critics raved and wrote long articles on their existential significance. Now, on the strength of Hellman's directing *Two*

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Lane Blacktop for Universal, they are with a new distributor and are being seen in the United States. *Two Lane Blacktop,* meanwhile, has temporarily met the fate of *Drive, He Said.* Its distribution was aimed at a mass audience, but its cool, low-key story of hot-rod drag racers clashed with the plushy atmosphere of theaters meant for watching Elizabeth Taylor. Further promotion will be for the bike picture market.

Take Three: Jim Frawley stands in the doorway of a forty-year-old Spanish-style house in fashionable old Hollywood, where the Los Angeles flatlands abruptly end and streets climb fifty-degree angles into the hills. You walk down a wrought-iron staircase into his living room, where tall bay windows look out on Hollywood and the setting sun. A New Yorker and a former actor in his early thirties, Frawley made short films in New York and Hollywood, worked as a television actor, and began directing on *The Monkees* television show. (The Monkees, a rock group for the under-tens, will go down in show biz history as the launching pad for BBS Productions, which made its debut with The Monkees' swan song, a movie called *Head,* directed by Bob Rafelson and written by Jack Nicholson.)

Frawley's Emmy award-winning work on *The Monkees* won him a directorial assignment on *The Christian Licorice Store,* a Cinema Center film about a tennis player. After too many months on the editing bench, while the Hollywood rumor mill exercised its imagination on Frawley and his troubles, *The Christian Licorice Store* is coming out this fall; and Frawley is hard at work on *Dime Box,* a western for Twentieth-Century Fox starring Dennis Hopper.

Take Four: When Charles Eastman was signed by Warner Bros. to direct his own screenplay, *The All-American Boy,* he moved up the strand from Hermosa Beach to Manhattan Beach and an apartment a few steps from the Pacific. One wall of his living room is covered with his own framed still photographs, and the remaining wallspace is hidden behind the crowded bookcases that mark a writer. Before *Easy Rider* Eastman was a Hollywood script doctor—the anonymous re-write man called in for surgery on sick screenplays—with several well-regarded but unproduced original scripts of his own. Then he was asked to write a motorcycle picture that became *Little Fauss and Big Halsy*—and, now that that screenplay is published, it may serve as a textbook to show how good scripts get mangled on their way to the screen.

Unfortunately *The All-American Boy* will now serve as a sequel. At the point where Eastman had cut his film to 140 minutes, Warner Bros. fired him and put other hands to work to make it less than two hours long. Four months later the studio admitted they had made a mess and called Eastman back, but by that time internal politicking made it impossible for Eastman to resume his editing. The film to be released this fall will be Eastman's in name only.

Take Five: Peter Bogdanovich sits behind a desk in his new office in Warner Bros.' New Producers Building. His hair is neat and short, his glasses tinted, his shirt with the top and second button open at the neck in the *de rigueur* Hollywood style. His life is a movie buff's dream-come-true. An old Hollywood movie freak back in the '50s before it was chic, he was a free-lance writer for the Sunday supplements, a movie historian, and now, barely past thirty, stands on the threshold of becoming a famous and sought-after director.

The phone rings and it is Raoul Walsh, the old-time director who played John Wilkes Booth in Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*; the phone rings and it is Ryan O'Neal, who will star along with Barbra Streisand in Bogdanovich's comedy film, *What's Up, Doc?,* now in production at Warner Bros. Past and present merge as well in Bogdanovich's work. Roger Corman gave him his chance as a director on the stipulation that he use Boris Karloff for two days' work left from an earlier contract. The result was *Targets,* a film about a mad gunman. Bogdanovich's new film, *The Last Picture Show,* a BBS production coming out this fall, is a cinematic and social historian's movie, a film set

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in rural Texas in 1951, shot in a grainy black-and-white with some of the old-fashioned finesse of Orson Wells, John Ford, Howard Hawks and other classic American filmmakers whose films are advertised on the posters lining Bogdanovich's office wall.

* * *

ACCORDING TO MARXIST mass media criticism, entertainment workers serve the ends of bourgeois capitalism, and only delude themselves in thinking they are independent artists. The Austrian Marxist critic Ernst Fischer, on the other hand, has argued in *The Necessity of Art* that art is a necessary expression of man's effort to recognize and change the world. The Hollywood directors with whom I talked define themselves primarily and often exclusively as artists, a self-image that is deserved and just, but also self-deluding.

When these men speak of themselves as artists, they mean something very different from what Charlie Chaplin meant in 1922 when he wrote: "I am an artist. I am interested in life. Bolshevism is a new phase of life. I must be interested in it." Since the HUAC Hollywood hearings of the late '40s and the prison terms of the Hollywood Ten, calling oneself an artist in Hollywood is a very politic way of saying that one prefers not to jeopardize his career by expressing radical opinions on politics. And, with very few exceptions, twenty years of caution have bred more than wariness toward radical politics; they have led to a basic ignorance and genuine naiveté about many of the things that are happening in America.

When Hollywood confronts the radical movements of contemporary American life, it goes to hear Ralph Nader speak before the Screen Writers' Guild, attends a fund-raising meeting for a civil rights march, spends an evening rapping with Abbie and Jerry. The idea that radical consciousness could alter one's role as a filmmaker or change the content and values of Hollywood films is regarded with skepticism or indifference. As Jack Nicholson sees it, for instance, Hollywood already provides a filmmaker all the opportunity he needs to say what he wants to say. Indeed, anything the radicals might want to say, in his view, has already been said in some Hollywood movie sometime, somewhere. The Hollywood consensus is that Stanley Kramer, director par excellence of liberal films from *The Defiant Ones* to *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, provides all the politics in Hollywood movies that audiences could ever want. European political films may be admired or ignored, but everyone agrees that the possibilities and techniques of European filmmaking are irrelevant or unavailable in Hollywood. Bernardo Bertolucci can make *Before the Revolution* and *The Conformist*, Gillo Pontecorvo can film *The Battle of Algiers* and *Burn*, according to Nicholson, because Communist unions have enough power in the Italian film industry to make political pictures possible. Hellman suggests that Europeans make films about politics because they're "at the front."

Unlike Bogdanovich, who grew up watching old John Ford and Howard Hawks movies, many of the new Hollywood directors like Frawley and Eastman developed their ideas of film as art by seeing Bergman, Fellini, Antonioni, and Resnais movies back in the late '50s. But now they regard the European influence as inappropriate, distracting them from grasping the nature of American styles and subjects.

As Americans, their conception of film artistry naturally begins—but distinctly does not end—with their conception of the artist as an isolated individual. Their primary concern is with their own body of work, built up over a career. They see themselves as professionals, working over the long term, concerned essentially with pleasing no one other than themselves, but always trying to keep an objective distance between themselves and their work. Ex-actor Frawley mimics Alfred Hitchcock easing the tension on a set: "Ladies and gentlemen, it's *only* a movie."

Professionalism, of course, as in many other fields, can merely be another word for accommodation to things as they are. For the isolated individual the only alternative to work-

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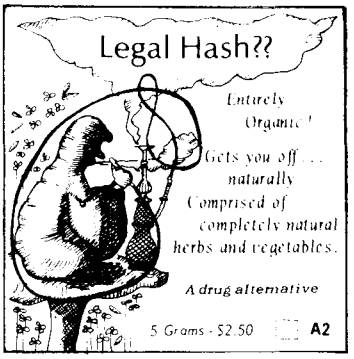

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ing in the system is working not at all. Ultimately, the artist in Hollywood learns to be pleased with that in himself and his work that pleases the men in power.

* * *

THE MEN IN POWER in Hollywood—or, more precisely, the men in power who run Hollywood from New York—come and go with increasing frequency. Movie theater business was down in mid-summer twenty to thirty percent from the previous year. The entertainment critics, the gossip columnists, the studio executives, even Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Assn. of America, Inc., admit that something must be done to give the public movies that it wants to see. But don't be misled by this chorus of laments. Nobody who controls the purse strings of Hollywood wants to make good movies that earn prestige and return a modest profit. Every eye is on the rainbow, because everyone knows there's a pot of gold at the end. The only trouble is that nobody has a clear idea how to get there.

Success is Hollywood's serendipity. The movies use no Nielsen ratings, take no Gallup Polls or market surveys, employ no psychologists or computers. The best of Hollywood minds boggle at the thought that they might really discover what audiences want and how to guarantee box office success. Too many illusions and too many opportunities would be lost if movie-making became merely a marketing technique. Too many money men would miss the thrill of gambling for such enormous stakes, not to speak of the Rolls Royce car, Bel Air mansion, and a starlet girl friend that are often thought to be catalysts to management genius.

In this setting, where greed is so often unhappily married to anxiety, the director who calls himself an artist also knows that other people may feel called upon to tinker with his work in the higher cause of box office possibilities. If it's done with care, above all if it succeeds, the producer or his studio bosses earn the reputation of men with "good audience values," who can help a man say what he wants to say, like a good editor with an author. More often it's done in a crass or clumsy fashion, as in the case of Charles Eastman's *The All-American Boy*, and the results are poor.

This persistent interference in the director's work leads to a surprisingly prevalent view that a movie is at its best before it goes into production. The actual making of a movie, therefore, is seen as a downward slide from perfect conception to imperfect realization. Every step along the way requires a deal, and deals are made in packages, by agents and producers. Two men who want to work together on a film are discouraged by protocol from talking about it until their agents have negotiated a deal. The actors or technicians you want to work with to develop a movie project may not be available; months or years may pass between the origination of a film idea and the putting together of a package of people to go to work. Rarely is a Hollywood movie the product of fresh, concentrated, creative energy.

The new directors know all this because they are all old Hollywood hands. Probably all of their new movies, and particularly those movies made within the big studio system, have suffered through such tinkering and interference by higher-ups. They live in a world where the juiciest gossip is word about the disasters of unfinished films. They are all friends or acquaintances, but they know they work in an economy where success will always be a scarcity, and where personal competition is a fundamental rule of the game. Here and there a director will say he prefers to cooperate with his peers, to share ideas and assist one another as European directors do. But the philosophy of making it continues to prevail, and there's no sign that the young men in their twenties coming into Hollywood want it any other way.

Despite the daily struggles of Hollywood life, between creative people and business people, between men with position and young men trying to supplant them (there are no women directors in Hollywood at the present time and few women in any non-acting creative jobs), a remarkable unanimity of viewpoint ultimately prevails. The goal on which all antagonists unite is profit. The American who can turn

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his back on the rainbow may have been born, but he does not thrive in Hollywood. There are several coded phrases directors use to explain how their works of art become Hollywood "products." The favorite one goes like this: "I think I have something worthwhile to say, and I want to communicate with as many people as possible." It is refreshing to hear Peter Bogdanovich put it more candidly: "The more people that you reach, the better you are."

* * *

THE NEW MOVIES of Jack Nicholson, Monte Hellman, Jim Frawley, Charles Eastman, and Peter Bogdanovich, by uncanny coincidence or as part of a broader Hollywood trend, are movies about young men who are led to moments of self-discovery, to face the consequences of either knowing themselves or avoiding their knowledge. Strangely, most of the principal characters are athletes—a college basketball player in Nicholson's *Drive, He Said,* a hot rod drag racer in Hellman's *Two Lane Blacktop,* a tennis player in Frawley's *The Christian Licorice Store,* a prize fighter in Eastman's *The All-American Boy*. The young men of Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show* also derive much of their identity from high school sports in their small Texas town. Their worlds of sport offer them the opportunity to live their lives by special sets of rules and forms and traditions. But the traditions and forms and rules cover only a limited range of life's experience, and each young man has to decide to accept them for the comforts and delusions they offer or fall back on society's comforts and delusions, or his own. Or find some other way out.

It is a little like that for the good new Hollywood directors today. They are men who have made the choice to play the game, and there's no reason we shouldn't be grateful for it, for they possess the skills to create art that lifts us out of ourselves and puts us in touch with other men and women, and the world. The rules and forms and traditions of Hollywood limit what we get, but they continue to be the preconditions of getting anything at all. Perhaps, like the Weatherman who saw his own image in The Sundance Kid, that's good enough for most of us. If we really want movies to be different, we shall first have to change society, or else make the movies that we want ourselves.

—ROBERT SKLAR

WHAT REALLY DRIVES BERRIGAN?

WHILE A FUGITIVE ELUDING THE FBI IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1970, FATHER **DANIEL BERRIGAN** WAS CONCERNED WITH MUCH MORE THAN THE WAR-RESISTANCE ACTIVITIES FOR WHICH HE WAS SOON TO JOIN HIS BROTHER PHILIP IN FEDERAL PRISON. RENOWNED CHILD PSYCHIATRIST **ROBERT COLES** SENSED THAT BERRIGAN'S CONCERNS TOUCHED PROFOUNDLY ON THE VERY HEALTH OF OUR SOCIETY. AND HE MET WITH THE FUGITIVE PRIEST FOR A PERSONAL EXCHANGE OF DEEPLY-HELD CONVICTIONS. THE PUBLISHED TRANSCRIPT OF THEIR UNDERGROUND CONVERSATIONS (**THE GEOGRAPHY OF FAITH**—HARDCOVER $7.50. PAPERBACK $2.95) OFFERS FASCINATING PROSPECTS AND CHALLENGES NOT ONLY TO THE PEACE MOVEMENT, BUT TO ALL WHO SENSE THE NEED FOR POSITIVE CHANGES IN THE AMERICAN LIFESTYLE—PERSONAL AND PUBLIC . . . **THE GEOGRAPHY OF FAITH** REVEALS NEW DIMENSIONS OF THE BERRIGAN YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW AFTER **THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE** (CLOTH $5.95; PAPER $1.95) AND **TRIAL POEMS** (CLOTH $17.50). AT YOUR BOOKSTORE, OR SEND CHECK TO **BEACON PRESS** FOR DIRECT SHIPMENT.

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THE REFLECTION OF THE common consciousness in music is really amazing; you're left wondering whether it's art imitating life or the other way around. Look at what's taken place over the past decade or so:

There were the beatniks having their last days, and with them the last days of anything significant happening in jazz, the last days of jazz as a dynamic force, of new statements being made and of anyone listening beyond a small circle of faddist initiates. After which jazz became a living fossil, not unlike baroque music, practiced by small numbers of involuted and largely backward-looking fans.

Along came rock and roll—not neatly butted end-to-end with the previous era, of course, but full of energy that had been building in the 1950s with Elvis and Chuck, Bo Diddley and Jerry Lee Lewis, Ruth Brown and LaVern Baker and the Everly Brothers. Rock and roll came from the country, where it had sprung from the fertile soil of blues, and like blues before it rock and roll migrated to the cities, from the rural South to the urban North, and there it was, reflecting a youth culture that had a hard time defining what it wanted but that knew that it did *not* want the official Americulture of *I Love Lucy*, chlorophyl dog hash and tailfin automobiles, of Vice President Nixon then President Lyndon Johnson. (Was there someone in between?)

The point of that rock and roll, other than being something to listen to and enjoy, was that kids used to groove on it together; it was a unifying force which they used, even unconsciously, to express their rejection of the foregoing values and to project, or at least to try to project, their dedication to the achievement of something new.

What it was, was the problem, and an answer came when rock and roll went to England, picked up some more of its old blues component (how strange to get that in England!), did a lot of dope, and came back to America as rock, as acid rock, and burst forth in glorious psychedelic array in the Haight, in the East Village, in what we have come to know as the youth ghettoes but what were just a few years ago the bright communities of the flower children.

Peace.

Love.

Spare change?

Everybody knows what happened then, and as the hippies withdrew their energy from the cities and began building the ideal of the *rural* community, again the music changed with and helped to change the consciousness of the counterculture. Lennon and McCartney had wanted to turn us on, and did they ever succeed—but now we were back, even the magical mystery tour had ended and the real world was unchanged.

And the consciousness was withdrawn from the urban centers which *are* the foci of modern society. Our music took us instead to the Blue Canadian Rockies to find our Country Girl in Shady Grove after the Boonville Massacre. We would take her with us and live the Christian Life forever in (of course!) Woodstock eating Country Pie. Desolation Row goodbye!

Hare Krishna!

Ohio!

Didn't anybody know better? If the

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psychedelic wonderland had been a brief, beautiful dream, it had been at least an excellent learning experience for millions of people. (Sure, there were flunkouts and there were dropouts. The former went to live in needle park, the latter in the plastic suburbs.)

THE COUNTRY DREAM IS FADED, country music is still moving ahead but its impetus is all momentum now, not fresh drive, and the countercultural consciousness is expressing itself increasingly in blues. Well, we should have known. That's where it all came from, and when the excrudessences drop away that's what remains, a rich, black, loamy, fecund bed of life.

Muddy Waters has been playing and singing blues for decades—he says that he switched from harmonica to guitar in 1932, heard the legendary Robert Johnson in person, crossed paths and worked with Son House. He is still active and, in my opinion, better than ever. For a man approaching sixty years of age, his energy level may be less than it once was, but his expression and technique are incredible.

The last time he travelled from his Chicago home to play in San Francisco I sat transfixed in a small club listening to him play guitar. What bowled me over was most of all the clarity of statement. There have been hundreds of lead guitar players in the past few years working in clubs and halls and releasing thousands of records, each with his strong point, whether speed, tone, attack . . . but none has matched Muddy Waters in speaking to his listeners with his guitar.

Chess Records has put together a double album of material recorded over a great many years. The earliest tracks on *McKinley Morganfield* date from 1948 through '51. Others are scattered from later years up to 1964. The sound quality varies greatly, and one can express gratitude that old 78 RPM singles have been remastered but *not* doctored to try to remove surface noise, simulate stereo or do other tricks.

Instrumentation varies from simple acoustic duets and trios through full electric bands, and Muddy sounds as accomplished and as comfortable in "live" concert tracks with full bands as in studio sessions with tiny instrumentation.

The album is a landmark.

The London Sessions is a more unconventional but equally successful album. Howlin' Wolf and his steady sideman Hubert Sumlin in a studio with a dozen of the leading white blues-rock musicians in England: Clapton, Winwood, Wyman and Watts (and Jagger in a somewhat shadowy role), Ringo Starr, Klaus Voormann. . . .

The material is classic, five tracks of Howlin' Wolf's own songs, five more by Willie Dixon and just two more. On first listening, dazzled by names in the credits, there is a tendency to be a little disappointed. Hell, it's just a Howlin' Wolf album with some new sidemen.

But it's a *superb* Howlin' Wolf album that grows and grows on you with each successive playing. The inclusion of a little two-minute track of Wolf telling Sumlin and Clapton how he wants to do Dixon's "Red Rooster," and of Wyman and producer Norman Dayron joining in until it's worked out, sounds like a silly gimmick but instead works beautifully to project a feeling of the camaraderie.

Don't miss this. —DICK LUPOFF

SPORTS
by Jack Scott

THE DISILLUSIONED RETIREMENT from professional football by several veteran players last fall had the National Football League establishment uptight. Although NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle refrained from responding to Dave Meggyesy's charges that the game was dehumanizing and that racism and drug abuse were rampant throughout the league (Rozelle did not want a repeat of the Jim Bouton-Bowie Kuhn affair where baseball Commissioner Kuhn's criticism of Bouton made him a best-selling author), the late Vince Lombardi did comment on Meggyesy's accusations. Lombardi, revealing a dimension of his personality that seldom surfaced, seriously discussed the mount-

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ing criticism of the game, and, although he was far from agreeing with Meggyesy, he did conclude that there might be a need for serious re-evaluation.

Rick Sortun, a teammate of Meggyesy's on the St. Louis Cardinals, and Chip Oliver, a linebacker from the Oakland Raiders, also quit last year for reasons similar to Meggyesy's. But it was Meggyesy and his condemnation of the game that received the most attention by sports writers and the national media. The long-haired, bearded Meggyesy, wearing his cowboy boots, jeans, and tie-dyed shirt, appeared at least once on nearly every national television interview show, turning up twice on the Dick Cavett Show in a few months.

Those people who actually read Meggyesy's book, *Out of Their League,* or listened to him on radio and television interviews discovered that he was an articulate individual who, besides discussing sensitively his own involvement in football, also offered a thoughtful analysis of the role professional football plays in American society. If he accomplished nothing else, Meggyesy dealt a severe blow to the image of the jock as a crew-cutted Neanderthal. Many straight football players seemed to enjoy hearing him run it down, and in spite of a diligent effort on the part of conservative sports writers throughout the country to uncover players who would publicly criticize him, very few players came forward with rebuttals.

When *Out of Their League* first came out, a "friendly" journalist told Meggyesy he thought it was the best book on sports that he'd ever read, but warned that sports writers and the sports establishment would attempt to label him a radical, thus minimizing the impact the book would have on the sports world. Much to the writer's consternation, Meggyesy, who had been active in the movement for years, told him they would have no trouble labeling him a radical for he *was* one and had no intention of denying it.

Not surprisingly, the media had a field day with the book and the author. A small minority of writers such as Pete Axthelm of *Newsweek,* Murray Kempton, Bob Lipsyte of the *New York Times,* and Dave Burgin of the *Washington Evening Star* seriously examined Meggyesy's ideas. But to the vast majority of writers and commentators Meggyesy was nothing more than a football drop-out, who had helped the game by leaving it. For these writers and their millions of middle-American readers, Meggyesy created no dissonance within their own personal value structure. The only reason most of these people got upset over the Meggyesy affair was because—as Spiro Agnew pointed out in a recent article he did for *Sports Illustrated*—a quitter got so damn much publicity.

In the media, especially television, the form usually dominates the content, and in Meggyesy's case his form (personal appearance and attitude) often militated against what he was saying. To be sure, Meggyesy did an invaluable service by getting the word out about what professional football was really like, but, except for those who basically agreed with him in the first place, most sports fans simply dismissed Meggyesy as a freak occurrence—a person who was obviously not cut out for the world of sports. If they were surprised at all, it was only because a dope-smoking radical should have been able to play so well. But they did not have to re-evaluate their attitude toward athletics because of *Out of Their League.* (On the other hand, many straight athletes, because of their respect for Meggyesy's athletic accomplishments, listened to what he said. As a result, he has had a significant impact on many high school and college athletes.)

THIS PAST SPRING, just as the uproar over the Meggyesy affair was dying out, George Sauer, Jr., the New York Jets' All-Pro wide receiver, announced his retirement from professional football for reasons that were in many respects identical to Meggyesy's, but different enough to make the average fan sit up and take note, if only the event had received more news coverage. The fundamental difference between Meggyesy's criticism and Sauer's was that Sauer still saw some worth in playing football—assuming the game was reformed—whereas Meggyesy was not so sure. Sauer was a legitimate super-star in professional football. He still holds the Super Bowl game record for most pass

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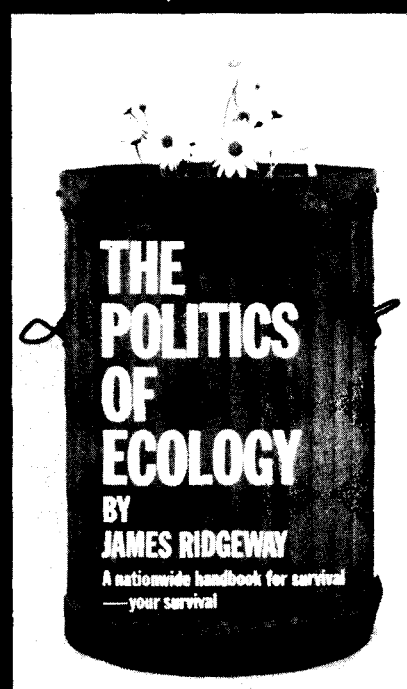

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receptions (8), and on several occasions was awarded All-Pro honors. Besides being one of Joe Namath's favorite receivers and a member of the 1969 Super Bowl Championship team, he was a member of the 1963 University of Texas National Collegiate Championship team.

Sauer's involvement in football stretches back into tradition. His father was an All-American fullback at the University of Nebraska and went on from there to play for the Green Bay Packers. After his playing days were over, George Sauer, Sr. eventually became a head college football coach at both the U.S. Naval Academy and Baylor. After coaching, he moved into a general manager's position with the New York Titans of the old AFL, and today he is still active as a scout.

Despite George Sauer, Jr.'s outstanding athletic accomplishments and his extensive background in football, most sports writers, as well as the national media, have made little effort to examine the reason why he left the game at the height of his career. The very same writers and television interviewers who gave reams of space and time to the more radical Meggyesy—a player who started only three out of the seven years he played in the NFL—have virtually ignored Sauer. It is clear that the major television networks are so dependent on the millions of dollars in revenue derived from college and professional football that they will not honestly or accurately report significant developments surrounding the game. And most sports writers are house men who will do nothing to upset the owners or NFL officials. Consequently, when Sauer's retirement has been described by the media, it is always claimed that he had only minor philosophical differences with the game. But the fact is that his appearance and style were so unexceptionable that he—and his ideas—couldn't have been dismissed as eccentric. Sauer's retirement wasn't covered precisely because his ideas are so subversive but his style is not. Even the sports fanatics probably would have listened.

Next time, I'll discuss what Sauer's "philosophical differences" are with the game.

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CONTRADICTIONS *(From Page 24)*

Such a China-Japan coalition has probably been forming underneath for a long time—since whenever both peoples had satisfied themselves that the U.S. defeat in Vietnam, however ambiguous, was a fixed historical reality of high-magnitude significance. For the Chinese, this (ambiguous*) defeat was all along a leading promise of Maoist confucianism, a theory of reality which had put its cards on the table.

For the Japanese, this somewhat obscured U.S. defeat emerged from another of its aspects. It must have been in at least some highly modulated national-racial fantasy a partial deliverance of Nagasaki and Hiroshima from MacArthur. At the same time, it must also have been a policy-fundamental, state-philosophic contingency, something to be reckoned upon with a marvelously clear mind.

For all of Asia, this defeat's sudden realizations must offer an awesome yet exhilarating spectacle.

With his China Trip, if it be a true China Trip, Nixon would thus have joined all but ceremonially in the world rites for an old, deep, and one might have thought *sovereign* white passion, that of an imperial assimilation to the Atlantic of the Pacific Kingdom, with all its spiritual and other riches.

* * *

SINCE THIS SEEMED unlikely, it wanted an explanation. The offers I found most often in circulation were the following:

First: *"He is being forced into this policy by the American people, who want the war to end and peace to come."*

This tells us how the same people who cannot settle a national course upon their managers by means of two presidential elections and four years of increasingly and more variously expressed unhappiness have suddenly found the power to do so by means of opinion polls, the throne occupied the while by the Dagwood-level mediocrity who supported (*supports?*) Admiral Radford's old impatience with Asia and agreed (*agrees?*) with him that the problem of Southeast Asia, thus the problem of Asia, *of an organized, uni-*

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fied, industrial China, should be solved by the use of "tactical" nuclear weapons in and around Vietnam.

Except in the meanest mil.-spec. definition, certainly in no political, social, historical, or moral sense is there any such thing as a *tactical nuclear weapon*. Only in the WWII-fixated minds of a few languishing NATO intellectuals. By virtue of its historical residues if not its "scientifically" flattened-out current signals (Amchitka), by virtue of what it *says* if not of what it says it *means*, by the plain power of its voice, never mind its words, the nuclear weapon is a power-of-history phenomenon—a fact which Maoism takes profoundly into account. (This is only "the current extension of Enlightenment," if you will, but confess that this overarching process is now—in some serious way—over.)

What is the good of knowing philosophy if you can't stick it back in? What is the good of plumbing the depths if you can't go back for air? Nixon gives us the word with his finger. Surely he has reason to be a *modest* man, surely is smart to take sanctuary behind the painted pictures of reason, humility, good intentions, prudence and so on, but of course so had Johnson, so had Kennedy, so had they all when we for our citizens' parts have had by now a solid decade of fairly naked, fairly chronic, fairly disastrous presidential deceit. Upon those who have no power save to trust or doubt, this confers an imposing privilege of suspicion. Yet finding suspicion's voice so generally lulled by the charm of this astounding courtship, Nixon's of China, I conclude that the lessons in magic lately taught us again by Ellsberg were only learned by the ones who had learned them before.

Second: A left-wing version of the same argument. *"The Vietnamese have forced this change by their victory."*

What the successive Vietnamese victories have forced is rather the successive U.S. escalations which like the rings of a tree define the political, structural progress of this war. This is surely because of Vietnam's strategic inability to strike against the American economy a blow sufficient to compromise its ability to carry out warfare.** Given the opportunity of our managers to persist in frustration, the winter of each disaster was followed by another lunge in which the Civil High Command widened the ambit of its armamentarium and provided the appropriate new programs. Objectives sought first in diplomacy, then lost in those still-inscrutable maneuvers of the middle '50s, could only be pursued again at the higher level of a less conditional struggle—sustained political activity in Saigon. Defeat in Saigon could only be protected by sealing Saigon off, then going past the suburbs with hunting-marauding ground troops, exactly the terror tactics of empire-building Rome. Then the weird desperate effort to make the war heroically familiar, thus winnable, by fighting for personnel attrition as though southern Vietnam were like Vichy France, northern Vietnam like Axis Germany, and the year like 1944. Then the conversion from the Third Vietnam War into the Third Indochina War, then the losses in Cambodia and Laos, the military and political disintegration of the comprador elite, and so on until here we stand: Stopped at last in Indochina altogether, there is nowhere for the U.S. to go but to China. Shouldn't this be enough to make our current assessments of Nixon deliberate? China has been the real American target throughout all these terrible years of maneuver, intrigue, subversion, regicide, and proxy-genocidal war; and from the U.S. standpoint, everything else has been bloody veils. Thus was China the implicit enemy only until her presence in the conflict equation was made explicit by escalation? Is Nixon the same thing as an ICBM when he is once pointed at Peking? Or does his trip signify, on the contrary, the dissolution of the ICBMs use doctrine?

Third: Another explanation is proposed by Edwin Reischauer, who knows Asia well, seems to care about its people, and was ambassador to Japan under Kennedy and Johnson. A paraphrase: *"China is in fact seeking the* detente *perhaps as energetically as the U.S., and the reason is her fear of Japanese 'militarism' and 'economic imperialism' in the region Japan once called The Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere."*

This theory gives off so elegantly Clauswitzian a fragrance I almost wish it were less sentimental. From the sum-

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mit of his wisdom and maturity, an uncommonly deep-seeing Chou En-lai confronts ace political reporter, Reston of *The Times*. He speaks to this characteristically reluctant American liberal as if to an audience of the entire white world. He knows that Asia is listening. He allows himself to use the terms *imperialism* and *militarism*. In the teeth of Taiwan, Korea, Vietnam, the long brandishing of nuclear threat, the isolation, the "quarantine," everything, he speaks to an *American* of China's anxiety about—*Japan*! Impossible. He must have wondered how far gone was American liberaldom in vanity and self-deception. Reischauer's guess that China may be shopping for long-range protection against *anything* Japanese in *any* U.S. embrace makes me wonder if he has not some *intention* to mislead. Or is it his purpose to soften the actually marginal "popular resistance" to a China thaw by giving it the rosy business vista which his analysis implies? But that would be the same refusal to face ourselves in others' eyes that leads us again and again into grotesquely unjustifiable self-satisfaction, thence to moralized resentment and anger, and this chronic national-racial willingness to kill so widely for such narrow reasons.

Fourth: *"Nixon's diplomacy does not portend such major reversals as the unhinging of the U.S.-Japan alliance or the turn towards a Japan-China coalition."* This was two months ago. Now the same voice says, *"Nixon may be courting such eventualities after all, but indeed he does not know this. Our old enemy is rediscovered, Human Folly, which has been denounced enough."*

I gather we should stand awestruck before this lost edifice restored, the laws of our old mystified "human nature" which answer our questions about crime by pointing over criminals' heads to a more or less anonymous statistical divinity, then shrugging. Our good-for-nothing, cynical innocence was almost knocked out of our heads. But the old voice came back. "Our enemy is just a fool. We are all fools, all ignorant. Man's lot is not to know. No one wanted all this, it was always a mistake. If a war with China comes, that too will have been a mistake, something we could not have foreseen except statistically. Wake up, America, to find a more comfortable position for sleep."

I admit I have always found the insights of this way of thinking to be trivial, its predictions unreliable, its prophecies of as little worth or pleasure in politics as in art, and its general hopes for humanity at odds alike with ancient, traditional, and modern conceptions of basic happiness.

How could Nixon *not* know what he is doing? He can read about it in the Tokyo and Berlin papers. Now he can read about it here. The chickens, since they think the sky *could* fall, may decide as well sooner as later and so come to roost. Therefore, in effect, the sky must have already started falling. Nixon knows everything there is to know about this, I'm afraid. Think of Hirohito's mini-visit to Anchorage, the emperor's first foot on the moon. When this was arranged, it meant that Japan accepted the new China policy; perhaps that Japan accepted the underground ABM test in the islands. Only Nixon knew then about the forthcoming American economic *tora*. Now the emperor is obliged to give his useless but cherished tourist virginity to Japan's newest economic foe. It feels like a deliberate humiliation, perhaps twistingly refers to Eisenhower's riot-frustrated attempt to visit Tokyo in 1960, and may indicate the current consciousness of the Nixon-Mitchell-Connally group.

* * *

SUMMARIZE. (1) The Defeat in Vietnam, (2) the Trip to China, and (3) the Protection Against Japan (etc.), three dissimilar, sharpening blows, drive Japan into a China coalition which I will guess had become her private national direction in any case. It is Japan's only survival route. Even though it gives China's social power such immediate international credibility. Japan's return to the Pacific, no longer to be a superisland off the coast of New York City, seems now irreversible. One result: A Pacific cold war in which suddenly the Vietnam-Taiwan-Japan "West European" base of U.S. Far East interests has dissolved. For the Empire, serious. Then why is this man smiling? Could this freeze be an early part of a mobilization?

* * *

Next month, this column will offer a digest of the Yankee-Cowboy theory of American history. The reason for taking a month to develop this theory now is to make more sensible a subsequent analysis of our emperor's true desires. The interest of those whose skepticism is together already may be revived by a still later column, which will try to derive some practical implications.

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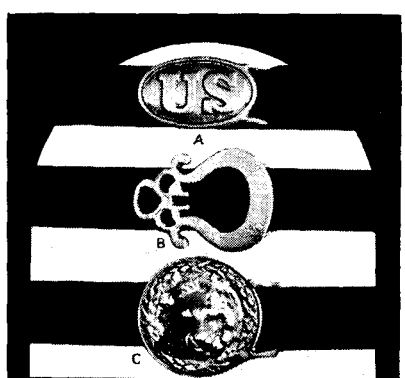
* *Ambiguous*. That is to say, the Chinese are behaving as if they saw real blood flowing from the wounds of the paper tiger. This changes no facts, but it challenges many emotions, perhaps a few policies.

** While the Vietnamese have not been able to attack in any conventional military sense, with anything approaching the rank of strategic weapons, the points of production of the U.S. military campaigns—e.g., Pittsburgh for steel, Cambridge for fog—they nevertheless have been able, with results that seem huge and deep, to mount somehow a metastrategic (or philosophic-spiritual) attack upon the blood-power or death reserves of a culture which, to begin with, could scarcely have fielded a guess as to what *metastrategic* (or a parallel term, *post-industrial*) would turn out to have meant. New wars, new arts—familiar stories.



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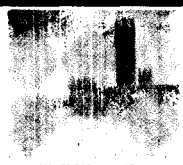

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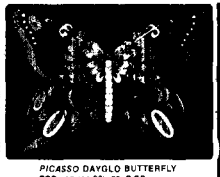

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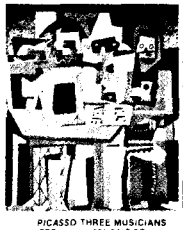

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THE LOOK, FEEL AND THRILL OF ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BRILLIANTLY REPRODUCED IN EXACT COLORS BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN STRETCHED AND MOUNTED ON THE FINEST MITERED ARTISTS STRETCHERS. HANDSOMELY FINISHED AND READY FOR IMMEDIATE HANGING OR FRAMING IN OUR

Classic Gallery Frame

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CANVAS PERFECTLY MOUNTED ON GENUINE ARTISTS STRETCHERS THE WAY MANY GALLERIES DISPLAY THEIR PAINTINGS

EVERY CANVAS REPRODUCTION ON THIS PAGE IS AVAILABLE FLAT, STRETCHED OR STRETCHED AND FRAMED.

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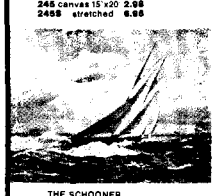

THE SCHOONER
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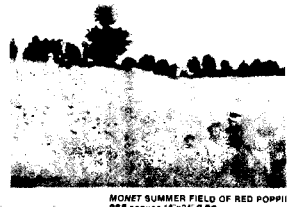

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422S stretched 7.88

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261 canvas 18 x24 2.98
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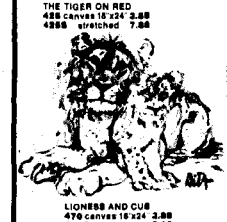

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